

The Aldine

VOL. V.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1872.

No. 5.



THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.—DRAWN BY T. BEECH.

" And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales

Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came home again.

And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!"—Longfellow.

THE ALDINE.

JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers.

93 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

\$5.00 per Annum (with chrono.)

Single Copies, 50 Cents.

WINTER-GREEN.

"There are more things to be seen
In this sprig of winter-green
Than its leaves, and berries red,
And the dew on which they fed.
I will tell you what some day,
When the children are at play,
Out of hearing, out of sight:
But no word of it to-night,
For 'tis Christmas Eve, and we
Must go dress the Christmas Tree."—ANON.

THE frost has melted from the pane,
For time is not in reason
When flowers begin to bloom again,
And the clear shining after rain
Foretells an April season.

I know how white the snow-drifts lie
Against the hawthorn hedges;
And do not venture to deny
That icicles hang high and dry
Along the window-ledges.

But some have found the flower of life
A delicate May-come;
Some find the winter's storm and strife
With more of blooming sweetness rife
Than any hour of summer.

And let me tell you why to-day
The frost leaves no impression;
And why when all the world is gray
I hold, so confidently gay,
The sunshine in possession.

An hour ago this very room,
That now you find so cheery,
Was dull and darksome as a tomb
Whereon the flowers have ceased to bloom,
And I was just as dreary.

But while, with secret sense of shame,
Yet secret sense of yearning,
I breathed a rarely-uttered name,—
Behold! a letter to me came
With news of his returning!

Then all the wintry world grew bright
With summer warmth and shining,
And every cloud that day or night
Had darkened over my delight,
Revealed a silver lining.

For long ago, O long ago,
No need now to remember,
If April violets were in blow,
Or if the fields were wrapt in snow
Of dreary cold December,—

My love was proud, my love and I
Were proud, and tender-hearted;
We passed each other coldly by,
Nor ever told the reason why
So foolishly we parted.

We went our weary ways alone,
He sailed the wide seas over;
I kept my secret for my own,
And saw the pinky blossoms grown
Ten times upon the clover.

Ten times I heard the honey-bees
Among them sweetly humming;
But never summer bee nor breeze
Brought me such welcome words as these,—
"Your love is coming, coming!"

Upon the bitter biting blast
Of January flying,
The happy message came at last;
And so, you see, my winter's past,
For all the snow's denying.

You need not smile because the snow
Upon my hair is sprinkled;
Hearts may keep spring-time still, although
The brow above, like mine, you know,
Is just a little wrinkled.

I would not change with you, my sweet,
For all your April beauty;
Nor give, for all the hearts that meet
To offer at your pretty feet
Their undivided duty,

The one that unforgetting went
For ten long years together,—
The one whose crowning love has lent
"The winter of my discontent"
Its flush of summer weather.

—Mary E. Bradley.

SHAKSPEARE CELEBRATIONS.

THE English are fond of celebrating their famous men; and among the famous men whom they are fond of celebrating is Shakspeare. The first Shakspeare celebration was the work of Garrick, and was as much a celebration of Garrick as of Shakspeare. It originated in a request from the corporation of Stratford that he would become a burgess, and accept the freedom of the town. He was delighted to do so, and in May, 1769, the freedom of the borough was presented to him in a beautiful box, made out of a mulberry-tree, which tradition averred was planted by Shakspeare, in New Place, and which had been cut down for fire-wood some thirteen years before, by its then possessor, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire—a piece of vandalism which he crowned three years afterwards by razing New Place itself to the ground. Stratford having honored Garrick, Garrick resolved to honor Stratford; so he set to work to carry out an idea which he had conceived. He was zealously aided by the authorities of the town, and many persons of rank and influence; and the result was the Garrick-Shakspeare celebration, which commenced on the 6th of September, 1769, and extended through the two following days.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 6th a serenade was performed through the streets of Stratford, by a band of musicians and singers from Drury Lane Theatre, after which several guns were fired. At eight o'clock the authorities assembled in one of the principal streets; at nine o'clock there was a public breakfast in the new town-hall, at which Garrick presided as steward. Before the general company was received, he was formally waited upon by the mayor and corporation, and presented with a medalion of Shakspeare, which was cut from a piece of the mulberry-tree, and set in gold. Favors in honor of Shakspeare were generally worn at the breakfast by the ladies and gentlemen who partook of it. When it was finished they proceeded to the church, where the oratorio of "Judith" was performed, under the superintendence of Dr. Arne. The oratorio over, they formed a procession, and were led by Garrick, and a band of music, to a wooden amphitheatre, erected for the occasion on the bank of the Avon, where dinner was served, and another musical performance took place—of the vocal part of which the least that is said the better, as most of the songs were written by Garrick. This was followed by a grand ball in the amphitheatre which lasted till three in the morning, the town being illuminated meanwhile, and ablaze with fireworks.

The next day there was more music in the streets, more firing of guns, and ringing of bells. There was another public breakfast in the town-hall, after which the company went to the amphitheatre, where Garrick declaimed a Shakspeare ode, which he had composed for a dedication of the town-hall. There was a statue of Shakspeare raised where all could see it; there was a large orchestra, led by Dr. Arne; and in the centre of the orchestra there was Garrick—dressed in a brown suit, embroidered with gold lace, with the mulberry medalion on his breast, and a mulberry wand in his hand. The ode and the music over, there was a theatrical scene, in which King, the comedian, dressed as a fop of the day, denounced Shakspeare—for making people cry or laugh when he pleased; but the wit of it, if there was any, was not perceived. Garrick then delivered an epilogue to the ladies, and the affair ended, closing with the crashing of several of the benches on which the audience sat, and a general panic. There was another dinner, another concert, and more illumination and fireworks. There was, also, at midnight, a masquerade, at which Boswell, who assisted, unmasked, made a fool of himself, as he did all the while the celebration lasted. He played the part of a Corsican Chief, and was dressed in a short, dark-colored coat of coarse cloth, a scarlet waistcoat and breeches, with black spatterdashes, or leggings, and a black cap. The front of this cap was embroidered, in gold letters, "VIVA LA LIBERTA," and the side was adorned with a blue feather and cockade. One would think this would have satisfied even Boswell; but not so. He wore, in addition, a Moor's head sewed on the breast of his coat, a cartridge-pouch, into which he had stuck a stiletto, a pistol on his left side, and, slung over his shoulder, a musket. He also carried a long vine staff in his right hand, with what is described as a bird carved on the upper end, although it looks, in the print, like a sick snake. Not content with all this, he must needs deliver a poetical address!

The next and last morning came, and a deluge of rain put an end to the foolery, as far as Shakspeare was concerned; although there was a jubilee horse-race, in which the poor beasts were up to their knees in water. There was, also, a third grand ball, in the evening, at the town-hall, and Mrs. Garrick distinguished herself by her dancing, as she should have done, considering that dancing was her profession when Garrick married her. So ended the celebration at Stratford. It was resumed in London, by the various publications to which it gave rise, and which were not all complimentary; and by Garrick himself, who revived a pageant that the rain had prevented at Stratford. It was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, and had a run of nearly one hundred nights. Next year there was another celebration at Stratford, on the 6th of September, and one or two more at a later period; but they amounted to nothing.

The formation in England of the Shakspeare Club, in 1824, was celebrated three years later at Stratford, on the 23d of April, by a gala, which lasted three days, and was considered, at the time, a great success. There was a second gala at the same place, and at the same time, in 1830, for which Alaric A. Watts, a poetaster of the day, wrote an ode that was recited; and at which Charles Kean mis-represented the principal characters in a series of dramatic performances. There was a third gala in 1836, at which Mr. George Jones (now the Count Joannes) delivered an oration; and there was a fourth gala in 1837, at which Sheridan Knowles was similarly delivered. These were all considered successful—by those who assisted at them, who were the kind of men that are always willing to be pleased with themselves.

The latest Shakspeare celebration occurred on the 23d of April, 1864, the three hundredth anniversary of the day on which Shakspeare is supposed to have been born, and which was certainly the day of his death. It was observed in London, and various other English cities, and, to some extent, on the Continent. A Shakspeare tree was planted on Primrose Hill; addresses were made at the Crystal Palace, and in the Agricultural Hall; and, at Birmingham, a Shakspeare Library was founded. The chief celebration was, of course, at Stratford, where it lasted for several days. On the 23d of April there was a meeting at the town-hall, at which the mayor received an appropriate address from the Free German Institution of Arts and Sciences at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, which was presented by Professor Max Müller. There was a grand banquet in the pavilion, at which the Earl of Carlisle presided, and made a pleasant speech. Not many authors were present, and of those who were, with one or two exceptions, none were of much importance. Lord Houghton was there, and Archbishop Trench was there; but Tennyson was not. Dickens, we believe, was not, and certainly Thackeray was not.

The next day, being Sunday, the celebration was ostensibly suspended, but, in reality, continued by a Shakspearean sermon from Archbishop Trench, in the morning—the service in the afternoon being conducted by the Bishop of St. Andrew's. When it was over, the audience, which had been drawn thither from all parts of the world, gathered around Shakspeare's grave, in the chancel of the church, and, after looking for a time at his bust, departed with ennobled feelings. Monday came, and with it the performance of Handel's "Messiah." On Tuesday, "Twelfth Night" was played. These entertainments were for the average Shakspearean; more æsthetic minds went to the "Shakspeare Gallery," which contained between four and five hundred of the finest pictures in England—the queen contributing from her own collection Lawrence's portrait of "John Philip Kemble as Hamlet;" and sundry of the nobility and gentry other pictures of importance. The great feature of the gallery, however, was the collection of Shakspeare portraits, of which there were upwards of thirty—each of which doubtless possessed some claim to authenticity in the eyes of its deluded owner.

But what was accomplished by the celebration? A good many people enjoyed themselves, at considerable expense, or thought they did; several special correspondents found something to write about; one or two indifferent poets succeeded in getting into print—that was about all. Certainly, nothing was done for Shakspeare in England.

The Tercentenary was celebrated quietly in America, but it accomplished something that is alike an honor to Shakspeare and American art—the statue of Shakspeare, by Ward.

HOW ROSSINI WROTE THE OPERA OF OTHELLO.

From the French of Alexandre Dumas.

ROSSINI had come to Naples, preceded by his great reputation. The first person who met him, as he alighted from his carriage, was the famous impresario of San Carlo, Domenico Barbaia.

Without giving the great composer time to take a step, or to speak a word, Barbaia addressed him:

"I have three proposals to make you, and I hope you will refuse neither of them."

"Let me hear them," said Rossini, with that arch smile so characteristic of him.

"I propose that you should make my house your home during your stay in Naples."

"I accept."

"I propose to entertain you and your friends at my own table daily."

"I accept."

"I propose that you should write a new opera for me and for my theatre."

"I shall not accept the third proposal."

"What! You refuse to work for me?"

"I will not work for you, or anyone else—I am not going to compose any more music."

"You are crazy, my dear fellow."

"That may be—but I have told you the exact truth."

"What are you going to do then, at Naples?"

"I am going to eat macaroni and ices. I have a perfect passion for both."

"I will have ices made for you by my confectioner, who is the most renowned in the city, and I will myself prepare macaroni for you, which will give you satisfaction, I'll warrant you."

"This begins to look interesting."

"But you must give me an opera in exchange."

"We will see."

"Take one month, two months, six months—"

"Agreed; six months let it be."

"Come, then, to supper."

From that very evening the palace of Barbaia was put at Rossini's disposal. The proprietor withdrew from all interference, and the celebrated composer made himself at home, in the strictest acceptance of the term. All the friends, or even the merest acquaintances whom he met in his promenades, he invited to Barbaia's table without hesitation; he did the honors as host to these guests with perfect ease and grace. Sometimes he complained that he could not find friends enough to make the banquets gay—with all the efforts he could make, he could not always get more than twelve or fifteen to join him at table—those were unlucky days.

As to Barbaia, faithful to the rôle of cook which he had imposed upon himself, he invented new dishes every day, brought out the oldest and best wine from his cellar, and was as gracious to all the unknown people whom Rossini invited to his table as if they had been his oldest friends. Only at the end of the repast, with infinite address and smiling lips, he would slip in, between the fruit and the cheese, a few words about the promised opera, and the great success it was sure to have.

But in spite of the graceful way in which the impresario ventured to allude to the debt which the composer had contracted, these remarks produced the same effect upon Rossini as the three terrible words did upon Belshazzar at his famous feast. Therefore, Barbaia, whose presence had been tolerated for a time at dessert, was politely requested by his guest not to present himself in future.

Months slipped by. The libretto was completed, but the composer showed no signs of putting himself at work. Dinners, drives, picnics followed each other in rapid succession. Hunting, fishing, horse-back exercise divided the time of the noble musician, but there was not a hint of so much as a single note of music among his many occupations. Twenty times a day Barbaia found himself a prey to fits of anger, to nervous and almost irresistible desires to make an exostulation against such indolence. But he controlled himself, for no one had greater faith than he in the wonderful genius of Rossini.

Barbaia therefore kept silence for five months with the most exemplary resignation. But the morning of the first day of the sixth month, feeling that there was no more time to be lost, he drew the artist aside and addressed him as follows:

"My dear fellow, do you know that there are only twenty-nine days before the appointed time?"

"What time do you mean?" asked Rossini, with the air of amazement of a man who has been mistaken for somebody else, and to whom one has made an incomprehensible remark.

"The 30th of May," rejoined Barbaia.

"The 30th of May?" repeated Rossini with a bewildered look.

"Did you not promise me a new opera to be played on that precise day?"

"I—promise—"

"This is no time to pretend astonishment," cried the manager, out of all patience. "I have waited as long as possible, counting on your genius and the extraordinary rapidity and facility for work which God has bestowed upon you. But now I can wait no longer. I must have my opera."

"Can't you arrange some old opera, and change the title of it, so that it will do as well?"

"What an idea! What should I do with the artistes who are engaged expressly to play in a new opera?"

"Let them grumble."

"And the public?"

"Close the theatre."

"And the king?"

"Send in your resignation."

"Enough of such nonsense. If neither the artistes, nor the public, nor the king can force me to keep my promise, I have given my word, and Domenico Barbaia never yet failed when he had pledged himself to do a thing."

"Ah! that is another question."

"You promise me, then, to begin to-morrow?"

"To-morrow! Impossible! I am engaged to go fishing at Fusaro with some friends."

"Very well," retorted Barbaia, thrusting his hands into his trowser's pockets. "Let us talk no more about it. I will see what is best to be done." And he went away without another word.

That evening Rossini supped with a good appetite, doing honor to the viands of the manager, as if he had entirely forgotten the morning's discussion. When he retired he bade his servant wake him early and have a boat ready for Fusaro. After which he slept the sleep of the just.

The next day, twelve o'clock resounded from the five hundred church clocks, of which the fortunate city of Naples is the possessor, and Rossini's servant had not yet made his appearance. The sun darted his beams through the blinds—Rossini woke suddenly, started up, rubbed his eyes and pulled the bell. The bell rope fell broken at the first pull. He opened the window and called out into the court-yard. All was as silent as a Turkish seraglio. He shook the door of his room. It was locked on the outside. Then Rossini, returning to the window, shouted for help, crying out against the treason of which he was the victim. But not even an echo responded to his invectives. One resource alone was left him, to leap out of the fourth story window, as his apartment was in this story—but it must be admitted, to the credit of Rossini, that this idea did not even enter his head.

At the end of an hour Barbaia showed his head, popping out of a window in the story below. Rossini, who had not quitted his place, saw him, and would gladly have thrown a brick at him, but not having one, he was obliged to content himself with showering curses upon him.

"Do you want anything?" mildly inquired Barbaia. "I want to be let out instantly," roared Rossini.

"You shall come out when your opera is finished." "But this is a detestable and arbitrary imprisonment."

"Detestable and arbitrary, if you please, but I want my opera."

"I will complain to all the artistes."

"Let them grumble."

"I will inform the public."

"I will close the theatre."

"I will appeal to the king."

"I will send in my resignation."

Rossini perceived that he was caught in his own toils—so like a man of brains he changed his tone and his manner, and said in a calm tone:

"I accept the pleasantry, and am not angry—but may I know when I am to have my liberty?"

"When the last scene of the opera is sent to me," said Barbaia.

"Very well—send this evening for the overture."

That evening Barbaia received a large pile of music, on which was written in large letters, "Overture to Othello."

The salon of Barbaia was full of musical celebrities

when the first instalment was sent him by his prisoner. One of these artistes seated himself at the piano and began to play the composition, and all declared that Rossini was not a man, but like a god, since he created without labor, without work, but by the mere effort of will.

Barbaia, almost beside himself with joy, snatched the music from its admirers, and sent it to the copyists. The next day he received a new package, on which was written, "First Act of Othello." This he forwarded at once to the copyists, who acquitted themselves of their duty with the mute and passive obedience to which Barbaia had accustomed them. At the end of three days the music of Othello had been delivered and copied.

The impresario was beside himself with joy. He pressed Rossini to his heart, and made the most humble and sincere excuses for the stratagem which he had been forced to employ, and begged the author to finish his work by assisting at the rehearsals.

"I will see the artistes myself," said Rossini, "and I will hear each repeat his rôle. As to the gentlemen of the orchestra, I will have them rehearse in my apartment."

"Very well, my dear fellow; arrange it all as you please. My presence is not necessary, and I will wait to hear your master-piece till the general rehearsal. Once more, I beg you to forgive the manner in which I have treated you."

"Not a word more on that subject, or I shall be offended with you."

"Good-bye, till the general rehearsal."

The day for this grand rehearsal came at last. It was the evening before the famous 30th of May, which had cost Barbaia so much anxiety. The singers were in their places, the musicians in the orchestra, and Rossini seated himself at the piano—a few elegant ladies and a few privileged gentlemen occupied the boxes. Barbaia, radiant and triumphant, rubbed his hands together, and walked up and down on the stage.

The overture was played. Frenzied applause nearly shook the arched roof of the San Carlo. Rossini rose and bowed in acknowledgment.

"Bravo," cried Barbaia, "now for the songs of the tenor."

Rossini seated himself again at the piano—everybody was silent, the first violin raised his bow, and they began again to play the overture. The same applause, if possible, more enthusiastic than before, burst forth at the end of this morceau.

"Bravo, bravo!" repeated Barbaia, "but now pass on to the cavatina of the tenor."

The orchestra began to play the overture for the third time.

"Hold there," cried Barbaia, "that is charming, but we have not time to hear it again. Proceed with the cavatina."

But in spite of the commands of the manager, the orchestra continued the same overture. Barbaia rushed upon the first violin, seized him by the collar, and shouted in his ear, "What the devil do you mean by playing the same piece for an hour?"

"Dame," said the violinist, with true German coolness, "I am playing what has been given us."

"But turn the leaves, you fools."

"It is useless to turn them. We have nothing but this overture."

"What!" cried Barbaia, "nothing but the overture? It is, then, an atrocious cheat and mystification!"

Rossini rose and bowed.

But Barbaia fell back upon a sofa, motionless. The prima-donna, the tenor, everybody rushed up to him. For a moment all thought he was struck with apoplexy.

Rossini, startled by the effect of his practical joke, approached him with real anxiety. But at the sight of him, Barbaia recovered himself, and found his voice once more.

"Begone, traitor," he cried, "or I shall do you some injury."

"Be calm, be calm," returned Rossini. "Let us see if there is not something to be done."

"Something to be done, you butcher—and to-morrow is advertised as the first representation of the new opera."

"Supposing the prima-donna should be taken suddenly ill," whispered Rossini in the manager's ear.

"Impossible," was the reply in the same tone, "she would not risk drawing upon herself the vengeance and the orange-peel of the populace after such a disappointment."

"If you would coax her a little."
 "It would be useless. You do not know Colbron."
 "I thought you were on the best of terms with her."
 "So much the worse."
 "Will you permit me to try and see what I can do?"
 "Do all you can—but I warn you it is lost time."
 "We shall see."

The following day, bills everywhere announced that the first representation of Othello was postponed on account of the severe illness of the prima-donna.

Eight days after that Othello was performed. That famous and celebrated opera is now familiar to the whole civilized world. Eight days had been sufficient for Rossini to produce that master-piece.

After the fall of the curtain, Barbaia, overcome with the triumph, went in search of Rossini to shower congratulations upon him. But Rossini was nowhere to be found.

The next day, Barbaia rung for his prompter, who was also his valet—for he was impatient to present to his guest his compliments on the success of the previous evening.

The prompter entered.

"Go, and ask Rossini to come here," said Barbaia.

"Rossini has left town," was the reply.

"Left town!" cried Barbaia in amazement.

"Yes, he started for Bologna at day-break."

"Gone, without one word for me?"

"Oh no, he left his adieus."

"Then go, and ask Colbron to come here."

"Colbron?"

"Yes, Colbron, you idiot. Are you deaf this morning?"

"I beg pardon," replied the prompter, "but Mlle. Colbron is gone, too."

"Impossible!"

"They left in the same carriage."

"The wretch.—She has left me to become the mistress of Rossini, then!"

"Pardon, sir—but as I understand it, she is his wife."

"I am revenged," cried Barbaia.—*L. C. Bullard.*

SUNSHINE.

ONE of the first things the sunshine does in the morning is to visit my room, which is egregiously fortunate in respect of windows and situation. By the time I am well settled at my table, this fair-weather friend of mine comes sidling in, in his usual eccentric way, and having paused an instant to point out a smouch and some dust upon the window-pane, to bestow a more living tint of green upon a few sober ivy-leaves which clamber in that vicinity, and to heighten the subdued red of the chintz curtains to a vivid scarlet—down he falls sprawling upon the carpet, where he lies without apparent movement, in rounded streaks and patches. As I look at him extended there, I am forced to the acknowledgment that his presence upon my rather well-worn brussels

has not brought it into a very favorable light: the colors which, while in the shade, manage as a rule to keep up a tolerably respectable appearance of pristine vigor, are quite put out of countenance by the bright intensity of his criticism. Nevertheless, I love the critic so well, that the awkwardness of his disclosures are as nothing in the balance with the pleasure I take in him, even while he is making them. Let him prove my carpet a dirty white spot, if he will—so long as he comes here to say so, I am satisfied.

Meanwhile he has been imperceptibly creeping onward; has sent reinforcements through the other two windows, and seized upon several prominent points to fortify and secure his position. One detachment has taken possession of the legs of yonder easy-chair; they change to gold at the touch, though

into almost living relief; the tints, harmonious and powerful, satisfy and delight the eye. Well, let us see what the dazzling iconoclast will make of that! Onward he comes, creeping and sliding by slow degrees; he has reached the frame, now, and how mercilessly he makes fun of the coarse and imperfect gilding; of the broken bit of carving that betrays its superficial nature; of the dust that has collected in out-of-the-way holes and corners! And yet, looking at it in another mood, how resplendent, beyond the skill of any earthly artizan has that frame become; or what picture, painted by mortal hands, could be worthy of such a setting? Not, surely, the one which occupies it now. Why, what has become of it? The sunshine, stretching across the canvas where once it was, has left no sign of form or color there. There is

nothing but a whitish, blackish, rough, glary surface, from which every grace and charm imparted by the artist has vanished. Surely, this is a shabby trick our friend has played upon us. Where can we find anything to replace that cherished and priceless picture? Ah, how is this! While we have been gazing thoughtfully upon it, the idea of the picture has involuntarily slipped from our mind, and we see only the glory of the sunshine on the canvas, which no painter, however skilful, can portray. So, doubtless, could we, for a moment, forget the more obvious material aspect of life, should we become aware of a celestial radiance investing it.

Over the mantel-piece, supported on a small bracket, stands a little vase of Grecian pattern and outline. It is beautiful, and yet there is a lack of something in it; a coldness, perhaps; a want of sympathy with anything living and human. Can the sunshine supply the missing quality? Yes, we may be sure that nothing can be formed by art and skill so faultless, but that, by the help of Divine illumination, it will become more faultless still, albeit never entirely transcending its earthly limits. So this vase, standing revealed and bare in the immitigable light, is at the same time clothed and transfigured by it into a golden dream of graceful elegance.

As my eyes wander over the room which is falling every moment more and more into the toils of the gladsome conqueror, it is arrested everywhere by fresh traces of his unsparing, yet glorifying power. The threadbare covering of the lounge, and the thin pretense of the hearth-rug, are scarcely awake to a sense of their deficiencies, ere they find themselves woven of golden threads in warp and woof, and of such quality as all the wealth of an eastern monarch could not buy. Yonder, some wandering sunbeams have fallen into the dead grate, and kindled there a visionary and phantom fire; the white ashes glow once more, but with a ghastly and livid light, and the whole reminds me somehow of an unholy corpse, exposed in the stern, searching brightness of truth; the



WHAT WAS THAT KNOT TIED FOR?—AFTER I. E. GAISER.

retaining all the while a ridiculous recollection of their former state of scratched and shabby black-walnutism—so does the soul of the charlatan peep forth beneath the gentleman's exterior. In another part of the field a magnificent attack has been made upon the wall: I am dazzled at the unwonted splendor of my modest paper-hangings; they are glorified by the very onset of so brilliant an assailant, and the stains and blemishes which deface them somehow become transformed into shiny ornaments. Perhaps some traits of character in people we know may, in the light of the future, be shown likewise to possess some elements of beauty and brightness: there are few human stains so ingrained and black as not to admit of the possibility.

On the wall hangs a picture—one of those wonders of Dutch art which seem to tread so close upon the heels of Nature; so fine are the touches that they blend indistinguishably; the soft transparent shadows and the tender lights bring out the forms

dead body of earthly passion, perhaps, shone upon when it is too late, by the awful, withering light of conscience and remorse. Oh! sunshine can be fearful to a man's heart as well as grateful.

But, while we stop to muse, the beams travel steadily onward, and we find ourselves lagging behind. See; they have actually scaled the very table at which I sit, and are taking their stealthy way towards me over the green baize. I watch them with interest, as they approach a little trinket—a silver seal, with a twisted handle of ivory—given me long since by one who has gone into a brighter sunlight than I have ever known: around it have clustered many a tender memory, many a loving thought, many that were sad yet sweet. To me it has become invested with a gentle sanctity. I cannot look upon it without being sensible of a pure and solemn influence: no unhopeful gloom—but rather the seriousness

darker lines than even they can trace—which are beyond his genial power to smooth away? Will he not meet with gloom, and coldness, and unreconciled disappointment, and chilling disbelief?—things for which he can feel no sympathy, and make no allowance. Shall I not draw my curtains more closely, and shut him out altogether?

And yet, wherefore does the sun shine, unless it be for such as I? Why are his rays cheery, warm, and beneficent, if there be nothing that needs warmth, and beneficence, and cheer, for them to fall upon? Shall I shrink from him because he tells my imperfections the truth, and cannot give a false color to my disfigurements? And even were I to escape him now, would not the time come when he must penetrate pitilessly through and through me, and perhaps find me even less fit than now to sustain the examination? Shall I not do wisely to throw myself open

that, notwithstanding I have not been actually under the sunshine's influence, it may still have been reflected upon me by the objects on which it did shine, and have thereby invested me with a more charitable and becoming, though milder effulgence? If so, it would not be the first blessing that has fallen upon me unawares.

Meanwhile, the sun will rise again to-morrow morning: nay, even now, as I gaze upward, I see a silver lining to the cloud. —*Julian Hawthorne.*

AN EXQUISITE MOMENT.

If we may believe writers whose forte is sentiment, the most exquisite moment of life is experienced only in childhood. Without undertaking to say whether they are right or not, we are willing to admit that all children have exquisite moments, even the poor lit-



AN EXQUISITE MOMENT.—J. S. DAVIS.

that comes of a hope beyond this world. Can the sunshine add or take away aught from this? It would seem not, for bright as it is, it cannot reach that which, in this silver-headed and ivory-handled seal, is peculiarly and inviolably mine. The subtle spirit that lives there is itself the essence of a better sunshine even than this, which is now mellowing the smooth curves of the glossy ivory, and twinkling over the intricate carving of the silver head. Yet, after all, methinks the outward has made me more delicately conscious of the inward light.

By this, the earth has shifted her unwieldy shoulders so far as to bring the source of my thoughts and fancies almost directly opposite the windows. I know he is there by the unbearable brightness of that part of the heavens, but he is still too high for me to meet his lustrous glance, face to face. As he slowly sinks downward, however, I foresee that he will ultimately shine upon my countenance, as he has already shone on the various objects in the room. And what will he find there worthy of his scrutiny—what that will be the better for his illumination? Will he not find lines of thought and suffering—aye, and deeper and

before him, and dare and bear the wholesome fire of his glance, though it scorch me through the soul?

Oh! foolish mind of man, thinking to mold, according to its own impulses, the course of its destiny. As I rise, impatient even of a momentary delay, and step forward towards the window to bathe myself in the broad excess of golden sunlight, behold! It has vanished all at once away nor even left one golden foot-print behind. A shadow has suddenly descended upon all the room: the window-pane, the leaves, the curtain, the carpet, the pictures—everything has returned to its former unenlightened sobriety of hue and quality, and for me, who have had nothing, nothing at all is left, except the duskiness of that great cloud which has drawn itself across the sun's face. Did I say I had had nothing? But that, surely, is not quite the case. Is there, then, no benefit to be derived from watching, on others, the effects of something you may not have experienced yourself? Does he who observes the working of truth and enlightenment in the world at large derive no grains of wisdom from the spectacle, though he bear no active part in the matter himself? Moreover, is it not true

tle street *gamin*, whose sole business often seems to be to paddle and wade in the noisome gutter. For the country child, there are delightful surprises in the fields and woods. A girl may some day discover a knot of violets, where there were none before, and a boy may chance upon a bird's nest, in his adventurous climbing of trees. Another day the girl may find a pleasant bower, to which she will carry her doll, and the boy may stumble against a partridge unexpectedly caught in the snare he has set. These are exquisite moments to country children, who are always ready to be pleased with trifles. The larger boys delight to wander off to streams in which trout are likely to be found; and if any are there, they are sure to find them. They know nothing of the rules which experienced anglers have laid down, but their instinct and observation stand them in stead of these; and it is they who catch the trout, while the angler goes home with an empty basket. As Mr. Jourdan talked prose, without knowing it, they are "complete anglers" without having heard of Izaak Walton. The characteristic sketch of Mr. Davis represents one who will soon have his exquisite moment.

UNCOLLECTED POEMS BY "L. E. L."

THE history of "L. E. L." is sadder than that of any other English poetess; for there is every reason to believe that her life was cut short by her own hand. No woman of her time rose so rapidly to distinction. When a girl of eighteen, her verses in the *Literary Gazette* excited universal attention, and thenceforth till her death—a period of twenty years—she was the busiest little woman in England. She published volume after volume of poetry: she wrote two or three novels, and stories innumerable; she contributed to all the annuals, and their name was Legion; and she edited an annual of her own, and various illustrated works for English publishers. She wrote with great facility on all subjects, but her favorite subject was love, which she regarded as the one passion which inevitably ends in sorrow, and death.

"O love what is it in this world of ours
That makes it fatal to be loved?"

This is the key-note of all her poetry. The story of her own love, if there was one, has not been told. It might have been love which induced her to marry Mr. Maclean, though it does not look like it, and it might have been disappointment. If she married in haste, she repented in haste; but she kept the secret, which is buried in her lonely grave at Cape Court Castle.

The stanzas below, which are not to be found, we believe, in the collected edition of her "Poetical Works," are printed from her own manuscript:

PAULINE'S PRICE.

GOETHE.

Sweet Pauline, could I buy thee,
With gold or its worth,
I would not deny thee
The wealth of the earth.
They talk of the pleasure
That riches bestow;—
Without thee, my treasure,
What joys could I know?

Did I rule Europe over
Thy price it should be:
Let them leave for thy lover
A cottage with thee,—
Where a pear-tree is stooping
With fruit at the door,
And a green vine is drooping
Each dark lattice o'er.

If my life-breath could be, love,
A ransom for thine,
I'd yield it for thee, love,
With all that is mine.
Ah, had I the power
I'd count as time flown,
A year for each hour
That thou wert mine own.

THE COMING OF MAY.

SCHILLER.

In a valley, sweet with singing,
From the hill and from the wood,
Where the green moss rills were springing,
A wondrous maiden stood.

The first lark seemed to carry
Her coming through the air;
Not long she went to tarry,
Tho' she wandered none knew where.

A rosy light fell o'er her
Too beautiful to last;
All hearts rejoiced before her,
And gladdened as she pass'd.

She brought strange fruits and flowers
Within her sunny hand,
That knew the shine and showers
Of some more glorious land.

The winter ice was broken,
The waters flashed with gold;
She brought to each a token,
The young man and the old.

Each seemed a welcome comer—
Her gifts made all rejoice,
But two, the nearest summer—
These had the fairest choice.

Now I, of all that gather
In the zodiac's golden zone,
Love a month whose sullen weather
Has no love but my own.

Tho' its fierce wild winds are sweeping
The last leaf from the thorn,
Tho' the rose in earth be sleeping—
Yet then my love was born.

THE EARTH'S DIVISION.

"The fair earth—it shall be for all—
Divide it at your need;—"
So in his high Olympian hall
The starry Jove decreed.

Each hurried at the mighty word:—
The merchant swept the main,
The peasant drove the lowing herd,
And sowed the golden grain.

The hunter took the glad green wood,
The soldier drew his sword;
"I am," quoth he, "by title good
A universal lord!"

The miser's wealth was little known,
He hid it from the light:
The king said, "Take ye all their own,
And pay me for the right."

When lo! the poet came at last—
Pale watcher of the air,
The spoil was shared, the lots were cast—
His only was not there.

He flung him at the feet of Jove,
And cried, "What wrong is done
To him whom thou wert wont to love,
Thy true and favorite son!"

"Blame thou not me," the god replied;
"Some land of dreams too long,
When earth was given to divide,
Has kept thee and thy song."

"I watched thy spirit's mighty law
Control the ocean's flow;
I gazed, forgetting in mine awe,
All that was mine below."

"All," said the god, "beneath my throne
Is given—earth and sea;
But the high heaven is still mine own,
And there I welcome thee."

—L. E. L.

OUT OF THE DEEPS.

HORACE HAMPDEN brooded by the fire in his dusky parlor, and his cousin George Hampden sat near him. When a jet of flame darted from the grate and lighted up their faces they saw the grief which was busy at their hearts. For a long time they had been silent, intent upon their cigars; now one moved his hand, and the other his foot, and then each supposed the other was about to speak. Horace and George were cousins. Horace was married, a prosperous man of business, and George was a bachelor, and a lawyer; both were men of means, lived in the same circle, enjoyed the same amusements, and many of their attachments were in common. Consequently they were much in each other's society, and Charlotte Hampden, the wife of Horace, looked upon George as one of her family.

A few weeks before this period, Horace, not able to leave his business, permitted Charlotte to take their only son, a boy of fourteen, to France, to be educated in the college at Amiens. She crossed the sea in safety, left her son, and started on the return voyage in the steamer "Andromeda." When her arrival was nearly due, a terrible gale sprung up, and extended along the Atlantic sea-board, which lasted several days. "Prayers for those at sea" went up from all interested souls, and a raging anxiety devoured both Horace and George. The nominal date of the "Andromeda's" arrival went by. Other steamers came in, more or less ravaged by the storm, news of shipwreck were rife, the underwriters were busy, but nothing was heard of the "Andromeda." At first the papers gave plausible reasons, mentioned the seaworthy character of the steamer, and the ability of her commander—and then became oblivious. Afterwards, when a list of her passengers was published, more than one person read the name of Charlotte Hampden with regret. She was popular in her circle, and deserved to be; still in her brightest prime, handsome, and lovable in all respects. Her friends, in their obituary remarks, said that her life might be compared to a party of pleasure sailing over a calm lake on a summer's day. Now her awful fate had been mysterious—annihilated by the dreadful sea in some sudden spasm of relentless fury, and ingulphed in the dark world of a deep which never gives up its dead! Horace and George watched and waited still, with hopes that hourly turned to despair, and refused to own their fatal dread to each other.

One day a ship came into port with tidings which confirmed the wreck of the "Andromeda." Sailing north of Hatteras she had come in contact with a

mass of floating gear, and secured it. There was evidence that a useless effort had been made by some drowning wretches to tie spars and boards together; a portion of a bulk-head was with it. With a coarse brush some ship's hand had drawn the outline of a dromedary with a huge hump, and upon that were the half-effaced letters which composed the name "Andromeda." The day this news appeared, Horace and George met on the pier where the ship was moored, with the same errand—that of seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears, the truth. Hand gripping hand they turned away, and brokenly said that all hope was gone.

"Oh!" cried poor Horace, "to have no last service to perform, to know that this loss must be forever invisible!"

"As if she were merely absent, no last memories to turn to, but one temporary farewell," replied George.

The evening found them together by the deserted fireside. George broke the silence at last.

"Is dinner nearly ready?" he asked.

"Half an hour yet," replied Horace, holding his watch to the firelight. "Will you have the gas lighted?"

"No. Something lies so heavy at my heart, that I have resolved to unburden myself."

"My dear boy," said Horace, surprised that he should choose the present moment for a personal confidence; but thinking that he meant it for his own distraction, he added that he was all attention.

"We are such complicated creatures," began George, "and circumstances so arrange our consciences that all reasoning is baffled. Were Charlotte living, it would be impossible for me to make this confession—though, living or dead, to her I am the same man. I have long loved her, Horace, as no man should love the wife of his friend, or the wife of any man. By the stress of my suffering and my sympathy for you, I tell you, we are one in this loss."

Horace was dumb; another chasm seemed to open in his life. What else should he see

"In the dark backward and abyss of time?"

"Are you amazed?" continued George. "Charlotte has never dreamed of me. To her I have been your friend; the reflection of our friendship has chastely fallen on her affectionate heart."

Unconsciously Horace drew a breath of relief, which George, with deep sadness, perceived, and went on.

"I tell you this, partly because if mere abstract love is noble, mine has been, and partly to prove to you that I have entered into your loss as no other being can, and with the hope that my pure and faithful love may prove a bond between us, and an everlasting solace. To all intents and worldly purposes, your son shall be my son, and together, as white-headed old men, we will watch and aid his progress into manhood and the duties of life."

George ended with a hysterical sob. His instincts told him that Horace was less great than himself at this moment, and he was disappointed. Horace, too, was now conscious of a want of magnanimity; but, how was it possible to resist that vital jealousy which invades the soul of a man, when the woman whose sole possession is his own comes in question with another man? He longed to be alone that he might go back over all the past of their mutual lives; but swallowing something, he knew not what, he rose suddenly, offered his hand to George, and in a husky voice said,

"It's all right, my dear boy; such matters scare one at first, you know. But upon my word, I see no occasion to wonder over what you have told me. I have not now to learn how much we are alike."

"Spare me all criticism, Horace; the Judgment Day may be anticipated sometimes. Charlotte was my ideal of all that was noble and beautiful; why should I not pay her this tribute to you now?"

Dinner was announced. Dinner that comes as inexorably as death—dinner that must be prepared, must be eaten; dinner, like the king, "never dies."

Both felt the relief of the announcement. The dinner passed off with a few commonplace remarks, and soon after George withdrew to his own solitary apartments in an adjoining street. When alone, he questioned his course, and condemned himself for sentimentality. Of what use to reveal the inner life, and show the pure flame of the soul burning on a sacred altar, to one whose limitations suggested a dark lantern, the slides of which shut over its own feeble wick at any approach? Calmer than he had been for many nights, however, he fell asleep, and

more than once dreamed of the "touch of a vanished hand." The old ways were resumed in Audley Street; George paid his daily visit there, and he and Horace were seen abroad as formerly. People mentioned them as the inseparable mourners—again referring to Charlotte's blighted life, which had been rounded so completely by such a husband, and such a friend.

It was now in the full tide of falling leaves, more than a month since the confirmation of the "Andromeda's" loss. Horace and George, inhabiting the little smoking den up-stairs—the rest of the house being closed, for they could not endure yet to be where Charlotte's belongings were—felt an additional melancholy when rain fell, or high winds roared round the walls. The picture of a ghastly sea rose before them, rent and torn by the wind like clouds; figures with despairing gestures tossed wildly to and fro, and agonized cries ascended from an unfathomable depth and distance of space, reaching them, lost, mingled, and spent by the wind, whose merciless errand it was to bring them. This made Horace and George close their teeth, and inwardly strangle the strange noises which stifled their own hearts.

"Suppose we were to shut the house at once?" asked Horace. "It grows too dismal; this howling weather drives my spirits down into my boots, and no tugging at the straps fetches them up again. What do you say to a Canadian trip? I want to see my agent in Toronto."

"As you please," answered George with a sigh. "It is all one to me. It seems to me the most congenial place here; there is distraction in travel, though, and if you want to be distracted, go we will."

"I hardly feel it a duty to try and test my feelings, George. Will you remain if I go?"

"Oh confound it—no! We must Ruth and Noamize it, having begun so—I'll go. I believe I have lost all spring; my days are like zinc, my nights like lead."

And so they grimly talked and laughed. The trip was decided on, two days from that time.

There was a little more bustle than usual in Audley Street, at the appointed hour of departure. Horace and George were to leave by an evening train; dinner was ordered an hour earlier. Some stir of packing the trunk of Horace by the housekeeper made things wear a familiar aspect. When Horace turned his latch-key and entered the hall, seeing open doors, lighted rooms, and a general movement of life, the old familiar sense of home smote his sick heart. He looked up in the empty air, and his soul cried:

"My lost life, and love, and home! Oh treasures mocking my memory—would that I could die this moment!" He was mechanically wiping his hot face when George came in, with an assumption of cheerfulness, speaking loudly, and stepping about as if he liked it.

"Old boy," said Horace, putting away his handkerchief, "Maggie is getting up a first-rate dinner for us; she says we must start on strengthening diet. I declare she is a trump. I feel bound to the servants—they all are trumps—showed so much feeling, by George—"

"Good," interposed George, "I am awfully hungry."

"Of course you are," muttered Horace, "and you have been—eating as much as Charlotte's goldfinch this past month."

"We have a fair night to leave in," said George, as they commenced their soup.

"Yes, we have had a calm day."

"Our Indian summer sets in now."

Both dropped in a reverie, remembering the past.

"What have you here, Pat?" asked Horace.

"Beef, of course, sir."

Horace took his carver, as Pat raised the cover.

A rumbling noise was heard in the street, which they listened to. Wheels were thundering up the street, and horses were galloping.

"Too soon for us," said George, taking his watch out.

"But it stops here," answered Horace.

"Pshaw!" cried George, his face flushing deeply. A carriage was at the door, and the bell was pulled.

Its wire was then a true electric wire; it gave the knowledge of a coming event like lightning. A curious cry and stir came up the stairs, and Horace and George sprang from their chairs, and flew down. They saw Hannah, the maid, supporting Charlotte Hampden—Charlotte, alive, but speechless from emotion—pale, altered, but still herself! Behind her stood a young man, with a big railway rug in one hand, and several packages in the other.

"Bless me," he said, with an affected accent, but half-crying too, "our heroine gives out at the last moment."

Horace took his wife in his arms; not a word was spoken. George slid down the stair in a dead faint. Pat's picking him up made a diversion, and Horace carried Charlotte to the dining room, followed by all, except George, who was rallying from his faint by himself, with a host of sensations which he believed no man had ever felt before.

"What does this wonderful Providence mean?" asked Horace, kneeling by Charlotte, whom he had placed on the sofa. "I am afraid to look away from you, lest I should find myself a madman."

"It means," replied Charlotte's companion leisurely, ridding himself of his traps, "that we kept the boat tolerably dry, and that your wife has more nerve than any other woman upon earth. But what extraordinary introductions do I have to America! The denizens of the coast where we were stranded have a very limited view of the earth, but a very comprehensive one of the sea, and their rights therefrom. Consequently we found it impossible to convey tidings sooner of ourselves."

"Dear Horace," said Charlotte, "Mr. Egremont Moyston may joke as he will—he has saved my life."

Horace fell to shaking his hand violently, and stared at him with eyes full of feeling which he could not express.

"Nonsense," continued Mr. Moyston, "we undoubtedly aided each other. Mr. Hampden, we had a touch of brain fever which delayed us. We were thrown only six miles above the Batto light-house, but we might as well have landed in Patagonia. The white trash who kept us had no sense of what country they were in. 'Pomanco Court House' was the idea of their outside world. No conveyances, no comfort of any sort could we obtain. We were compelled to remain there till I was able to prowl about, and get down to the Batto light, to learn our whereabouts."

From point to point the wonderful narrative went on. Dinner was renewed. The servants, stricken with astonishment and admiration, lost their sense of decorum, and even the cook came up and occupied the edge of a chair, without remembering, as was her duty, that her plane was so much lower than the company that no number of kitchen stairs could measure it.

George had recovered himself, and returned.

"And so you missed your poor Charlotte, dear George?" she asked.

"Very much," he replied.

"Do I look badly?"

"As if you had suffered."

"Yet, dear Mrs. Hampden," said Mr. Moyston, very seriously, "if you and I should consult the glass, we could not find the traces of suffering that we may behold in the faces of your husband and brother."

At the word *brother* Horace felt a violent throb in all his frame. Heavens! George was no brother; he was his wife's devoted, life-long lover. In spite of the situation and the circumstances, the blood flew like birds through every vein. It appeared an inexorable necessity that he should go away by himself, and reflect upon his own feelings, and speculate upon those of George, and guess at the management of the clouded future.

"Why," exclaimed Charlotte, "George's hair has grown white."

So it had. Horace's was not changed a whit, and this he acknowledged to himself, when he saw her eyes scanning his ebon locks; he wished they were a dead white.

"No, indeed," laughed George, "being a little worried at your absence, I left off my 'Hair Restorer.' Now that you have returned—" For the life of him he could not utter another word, his lips trembled so. Charlotte rose, went to him, and kissed him, and said softly:

"I thank God more than ever for having restored me to those who so tenderly love me. Now, Horace, I must shut my eyes and sense for the night. Pat, take the best care of Mr. Moyston; this house is his home."

"By Jove, Mr. Hampden," said Mr. Moyston, as Horace withdrew with Charlotte, "is there anything in antiquity to beat our case? I've gone through the Greek tragedies, and fed on our stalwart British classics, but I do not find its match."

"By the way," said George, absently, "I am not the brother of Mrs. Hampden's husband, but his cousin; we are very much together, however."

"Oh," answered Mr. Moyston. "America is the

most extraordinary place. Home isn't a flea bite."

"Pray accept my gratitude, Mr. Moyston. I divine, by Mrs. Hampden's manner, what the nature of your service has been." He looked at him with so profound a thankfulness that Mr. Moyston was affected by this praise, and for the first time indicated emotion.

"It is just what you would have done for my sister," he replied hastily; and then they shook hands. Horace re-entered. Charlotte had retired, he said; he had tried to keep up his composure before her, for he saw how shattered her nerves were, but he could have no rest till he heard the full account of the disaster, and rescue.

It was gray dawn before the men separated. The occasion had made them firm friends; Horace was ready to give half his money to Mr. Moyston, and George half his affection. The journey was given up, of course. As George looked round for his valise, Mr. Moyston expressed some surprise.

"Do you go from here at this hour?"

A mighty longing came over George to remain under the roof with her who had been so miraculously restored. He looked at Horace, and Horace made no response. Human failing came over him again; he could not be magnanimous, and George turned away with a sigh. Mr. Moyston perceived there was some hidden fact or feeling between them.

"My apartment is very near," said George carelessly. "And by the way, Mr. Moyston, I hope you will share it a part of the time—bachelors prefer their solitary quarters, you know."

"I hate bachelorhood from this out," replied Mr. Moyston. "I have lately seen all the virtues under the sun in Mrs. Hampden. Can I find another in this country?"

"Is he in love with her, too?"—thought poor Horace. "I suppose so—confound him! He is a hero—and George's hair must needs turn white."

"I'm off. Horace, bolt the door, to keep Charlotte in. What will Herbert say to these tidings of his mother?"

Herbert! his son—Horace had not thought of him yet; George was in advance even here.

"Boys are boys," he replied quickly. "I'll warrant you he has played cricket to-day."

"As he ought to," laughed Mr. Moyston, making a move towards the door, feeling an internal uneasiness.

"All this has given me a shock," said Horace, vaguely. "I am not equal to it. George, I tell you, I am not equal to it, and I can't bear it. You always were the strongest, and now your hair's got white. By George, do you know she showed me her arm, with a great scar on it, where she was knocked down on deck! I don't believe she is here at all. The scar is here, nothing else, you know, George." He staggered, and grew frightfully pale; he shook his head from side to side, and groaned pitifully.

"The shock, added to his great sorrow, has been too much for him," said Mr. Moyston. "Fetch some brandy, we must rub him; he is about to have a stroke. Just my luck in America," he said to himself.

George, stricken to the heart, but collected, made use of all available means; but Horace sunk momentarily—babbling at intervals about Charlotte—whom George would not at present disturb—and finally became wholly insensible.

Whatever Fate changes, or returns, God still disposes. Charlotte, bearing the greatest exposure, suffering, and vicissitude, survived; and Horace, in the ease and comfort of his orderly life, was struck with paralysis. His head and heart were not strong enough for the burdens placed upon them. He lingered two years, a helpless, but gentle, childish man, sedulously tended by George, whose secret was carefully protected from Charlotte. Mr. Moyston alone discovered it.

"I forswear England for the present," he said one day. "I find more character in America. George, noble as you are, you need me for awhile, and as I was the means of bringing Charlotte safely out of a crisis, I shall stay till I see you landed in the haven which shall be your right and rest. Not a word. I love Charlotte as I love no other woman, and I honor and respect you. Hurrah for the Colonies of King George! Just you propose going to England, to leave her now, for the fun."

"I have never proposed anything," answered George, "and I shall never propose."

"It will not be necessary, my dear boy."

—Elizabeth Stoddard.

ENGLISH RHYMES AND STORIES.

THE literature of the nursery is not so contemptible as it may appear at first. It is possessed of a greater antiquity than most readers suspect. It contains curious references to outworn and obsolete customs; and it sometimes commemorates important historical events. It exists among all nations—civilized and savage alike—and it appears, when traced back, to have sprung originally from a few primitive roots of fable. Whittington's cat was sold in India centuries before Whittington was born, and Jack the Giant Killer existed in the old Edda under another name, having flown in his shoes of swiftness from among the Calmuck Tartars. "Jack, commonly called the Giant Killer," says Sir Walter Scott, "and Thomas Thumb landed in England from the very same keels and war ships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon."

The nursery songs of England can be found in most European languages, and the resemblance between the different versions is often very striking. The pretty little song about the lady-bird is sung by the children of Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, as well as those of England and America. "Humpty Dumpty" is a great favorite in all parts of Europe; so, also, is "The House that Jack Built," the origin of which is an old Hebrew hymn. Multiplication was vexation as far back as 1570; and "Thirty Days hath September" must be nearly as old, for it is mentioned as well known in a play published in 1606. "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher, and "Liar, Liar, Lickdish" by Chettle. The famous little pony Dapple Gray was browsing in Nursery-land in 1630; the Three Children were sliding on the ice about thirty years later; and the Old Woman was living under the hill over one hundred and fifty years ago. Jack Horner is said to embody the Cavalier scorn of the Puritan hatred of Christmas

pies, and similar abominable luxuries. Jack Spratt could eat no fat in 1659, when he was an Archbishop. Old Mother Hubbard is certainly a very elderly lady, and she has grown large as she has grown old. The first version of the ballad, in which she and her wonderful dog are immortalized, consisting of three stanzas only.

The nursery literature of England has been collected by several writers, among others Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, who has published two pleasant volumes on the subject. They contain many curious stories not to be found elsewhere, the most characteristic being oral traditions handed down from father to son. The story of Mr. Vinegar, which is one of these, is as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar lived in a vinegar bottle. Now one day, when Mr. Vinegar was from home, Mrs. Vinegar, who was a very good housewife, was busily sweeping her house, when an unlucky thump of the broom brought the whole house clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter, about her ears. In a paroxysm of grief she rushed forth to meet her husband. On seeing

him she exclaimed, Oh, Mr. Vinegar, we are ruined, we are ruined: I have knocked the house down, and it is all to pieces! Mr. Vinegar then said, My dear, let us see what can be done. Here is the door; I will take it on my back, and we will go forth to seek our fortune. They walked all that day, and at nightfall entered a thick forest. They were both excessively tired, and Mr. Vinegar said, My love, I will climb up into a tree, drag up the door, and you shall follow. He accordingly did so, and they both stretched their weary limbs on the door, and fell fast asleep. In the middle of the night, Mr. Vinegar was disturbed by the sound of voices beneath, and to his inexpressible dismay perceived that a party of thieves were met to divide their booty. Here, Jack, said one, here's five pounds for you; here, Bill, here's ten pounds for you; here, Bob, here's three pounds for you. Mr. Vinegar could listen no longer; his

as he was a friend, he'd oblige him, the bargain was made. Proud of his purchase, he drove the cow backwards and forwards to show it. By-and-by he saw a man playing the bagpipes, Tweedle dum, tweedle dee; the children followed him about, and he appeared to be pocketing money on all sides. Well, thought Mr. Vinegar, if I had but that beautiful instrument I should be the happiest man alive—my fortune would be made. So he went up to the man, Friend, says he, what a beautiful instrument that is, and what a deal of money you must make. Why, yes, said the man, I make a great deal of money, to be sure, and it is a wonderful instrument. Oh! cried Mr. Vinegar, how I should like to possess it! Well, said the man, as you are a friend, I don't much mind parting with it; you shall have it for that red cow. Done, said the delighted Mr. Vinegar; so the beautiful red cow was given for the bagpipes. He

could not play them, and the boys hooted him. Oh, my fingers are so very cold, said Mr. Vinegar to himself; if I had gloves I should be the happiest man alive. He saw a man, and said to him, Friend, you have a capital pair of gloves. Yes, truly, cried the man; and my hands are as warm as possible this cold November day. Well, said Mr. Vinegar, I should like to have them. What will you give? said the man; as you are a friend, I don't much mind letting you have them for those bagpipes. Done, cried Mr. Vinegar. He put on the gloves, and felt perfectly happy as he trudged homewards. At last he grew very tired, when he saw a man coming towards him with a good stout stick in his hand. Oh, said Mr. Vinegar, that I had but that stick! I should then be the happiest man alive. He accosted the man—Friend! what a good stick you have got. Yes, said the man, I have used it for many a long mile, and a good friend it has been, but if you have a fancy for it, as you are a friend, I don't mind giving it to you for that pair of gloves. Mr. Vinegar's hands were so warm, and his

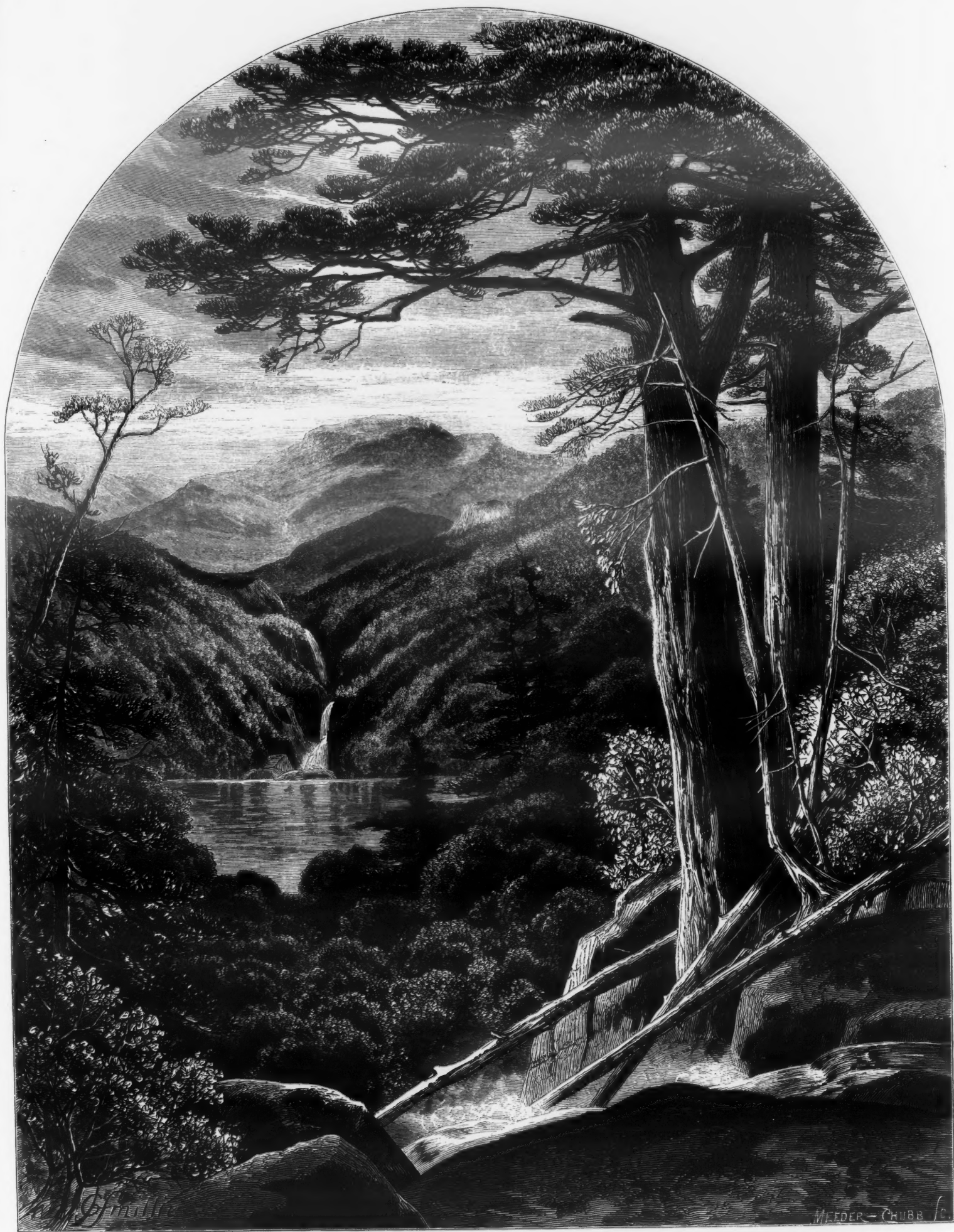
legs so tired, that he gladly exchanged. As he drew near to the wood where he had left his wife, he heard a parrot on a tree calling out his name—Mr. Vinegar, you foolish man, you blockhead, you simpleton; you went to the fair and laid out all your money in buying a cow; not content with that, you changed it for bagpipes, on which you could not play, and which were not worth one tenth of the money. You fool, you—you had no sooner got the bagpipes than you changed them for the gloves, which were not worth one quarter of the money; and when you had got the gloves, you changed them for a poor miserable stick; and now for your forty guineas, cow, bagpipes, and gloves, you have nothing to show but that poor miserable stick, which you might have cut in any hedge. On this the bird laughed immoderately, and Mr. Vinegar, falling into a violent rage, threw the stick at its head. The stick lodged in the tree, and he returned to his wife without money, cow, bagpipes, gloves, or stick, and she instantly gave him such a sound cudgelling that she almost broke every bone in his skin.

—Henry Richards.



LONGING LOOKS.—J. W. BOLLES.

terror was so intense that he trembled most violently, and shook down the door on their heads. Away scampered the thieves, but Mr. Vinegar dared not quit his retreat till broad daylight. He then scrambled out of the tree, and went to lift up the door. What did he behold but a number of golden guineas! Come down, Mrs. Vinegar, he cried, come down, I say; our fortune's made, our fortune's made! come down, I say. Mrs. Vinegar got down as fast as she could, and saw the money with equal delight. Now, my dear, said she, I'll tell you what you shall do. There is a fair at the neighboring town; you shall take these forty guineas and buy a cow. I can make butter and cheese, which you shall sell at market, and we shall then be able to live very comfortably. Mr. Vinegar joyfully assents, takes the money, and goes off to the fair. When he arrived, he walked up and down, and at length saw a beautiful red cow. It was an excellent milker, and perfect in every respect. Oh! thought Mr. Vinegar, if I had but that cow, I should be the happiest man alive; so he offers the forty guineas for the cow, and the man declaring that,



ADIRONDACK SCENERY.—G. H. SMILLIE.

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ABOUT MISERS.

PHILOSOPHERS and poets of all ages have exerted their wit and satire to denounce and expose avarice. Dion, the philosopher, considered avarice the source of all wickedness; and Euripides declared that an avaricious man could neither think nor desire any good thing. Lucilius did not hesitate to employ his pen against him. "A miser," he wrote, "is good to nobody, because he is wicked to himself." "The lust of riches," said Aristotle, "is without end." Plato, Socrates, Alcibiades, and Horace have pointed the moral, in their anecdotes of misers; and our old English writers have not been less severe. Browne, Sir George Mackenzie, and Burton have described the characteristics of the miser, in quaint-mannered prose, as have, likewise, Dryden and Goldsmith, in nervous and ringing verse.

It would not be a difficult task to show the influence of avarice upon the rise and progress of nations, but it would be a long one, for the evils of society, the corruptions of religion, and the miseries of war have often been instigated and supported by this base passion. It is in individual cases, however, that its workings are most distinctly seen. The Duke of Marlborough was so great a miser that his fame, destined to live for ages, is deeply tarnished. Anecdotes of his parsimony are numerous, yet he left a million and a half. A grand duke of the present time is so miserly that he has been known to sell the refuse fat from his own kitchen, and he sometimes measures his milk, and sells it to his tenants.

The essential characteristics of misers are much the same. Dirt is one, and it is hard to be accounted for, since cleanliness is cheap, and fresh air and water cost nothing. John Mounsey, an Englishman, was remarkable for this trait. Always in search of rags and refuse, he stripped himself one day, and walked into Ulswater Lake, to pull out a dirty old stocking which he saw bedded in the mud. He preferred to sleep in barns along the country-side, and made his appearance therefrom a picture of filth. His coat was patched with dirty cloth, and his stockings with bits of refuse leather, which he picked up in his incessant rambles. He wore wooden shoes shod with iron, a hat without nap or brim. Dirt and all, he lived ninety-two years, and regretted his departure from a world where, could he have remained, he might have grown richer.

Misers, lacking imagination in themselves, are the cause of it in others. The master-piece of Balzac is his novel of "Eugenie Grandet." The hero, old Grandet, the father of Eugenie, is a miser, with a financial genius which amounts to the sublime, and on which Balzac contrives to throw the picturesque. Grandet borrows his allowance to his wife, and uses the interest-money for the presents which he has given to Eugenie, his only child. Avarice was the inspiration of one of our own great men, Franklin, whose memory is debased by his reputation as "Poor Richard."

Still, misers do not amount to a race, nor avarice to a general principle. Misers are individuals whose history interests the student of human nature, and whose example is a weapon for the moralist. There are no great female misers in history. The remarkable examples are men, and among men Daniel Dancer and John Elwes are the most distinguished.

Daniel Dancer was the oldest of a family of five; his father possessed property which produced a good income on Harrow Weald Common. Upon his death Daniel came into possession of the estate. One of his sisters lived with him, and imbibed the miserly intoxication; they strove to outdo each other in the art of parsimony. Daniel was remarkable for the cut of his garments; his coat was made of pieces of every hue and texture, collected from the streets and dust heaps. His lower garments were really "unmentionable." They were kept together by a hay-band round his waist: his stockings also were fortified by ropes of twisted hay. Occasionally, in his rambles, he picked up an old shoe, and regarded it as a treasure. He never allowed a shirt to leave his back—till it fell off itself, consequently, fleas and such small deer were his nearest friends and parasites. He and his sister lived in a hovel, the paneless sashes of which were filled with rags, paper, and board. Soap and towels being expensive, Mr. Dancer sometimes washed in a pond, and dried himself with sand. Three pounds of coarse beef and fourteen dumplings formed their weekly provision for years—Lucullus supping with Lucullus daily. Once Providence changed the course of these viands. Mr. Dancer, walking out one

day, found a sheep that had died from natural disease; he carried it home in triumph. His sister received it as an immediate gift from Heaven. The sheep was cut up, and Miss Dancer made an immense number of pies. Dancer locked them up to prevent her returning to her muttons too often, and hurt her feelings thereby. At last she fell sick, and he declared that he could not afford to pay for physic for dying people; he would not oppose the will of God. Lady Tempest, a generous neighbor, supplied every necessary attention, and Miss Dancer was so grateful that she determined to leave her two thousand pounds; but she expired before a will could be signed, and her brother claimed her fortune, as the price of her board with him for thirty years. This he gained in a law-suit. After his sister's death, the pair of sheets upon her bed, black as a soot-bag, he would not suffer to be removed, and when he finally wore them out he entirely relinquished the luxury. The reports of his riches inspired housebreakers and thieves, but he was on his guard, and concealed his treasures where no one would have thought to seek them; bank notes were deposited with spiders, and hid amongst cobwebs in the cow-house, and guineas were in holes in the chimneys, and about the fireplace covered with ashes. The light of generosity, however, penetrated one chink of his miserably disordered and battered soul—he loved his dog, and, while denying himself bread, and subsisting on the pot-liquor from Lady Tempest's kitchen, he allowed his dog a pint of milk a day, and other dainties. After his sister's death, he hired a man for his companion, who turned out a first-class miser, also. They went different roads, and met after a day's labor, loaded with bones and delicate offal of every description. Mr. Dancer's most delightful task, after making the most of refuse and rags, was to visit the holes where his gold was hid, and count it. One of his richest escreteires was in a dungheap in the cowhouse. His house devolved to the right of a Captain Holmes, who found in this heap twenty-five hundred pounds. In a jacket, nailed to the manger, he discovered five hundred pounds more; bowls of guineas and packages of notes were pulled out of crevices in the walls, from cushions and chair-covers, and behind drawers; inside a tea-pot the captain also found six hundred pounds, and in the stable jugs full of old dollars. From nineteen soot-holes in the chimney various sums were rooted out. Arrived at his seventy-eighth year, Mr. Dancer first felt the inroads of sickness, but refused to call a doctor. Lady Tempest found him one day lying in an old sack, with a few pieces of the same material wrapped about his head. She remonstrated with him, but he replied that "having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out in the same manner." She then begged him to have a pillow for his head, which he compromised with, and ordered his man to bring some litter from the stable. Lady Tempest attended him to the last, and was rewarded by his immense fortune which he left to her.

The next miser of genius, John Elwes, has had his life minutely recorded by Captain Topham. John inherited avarice. His uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, bequeathed his fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds to him, on condition of his assuming the name and arms of Elwes. His mother, Mrs. Maggot, possessed of a good fortune, was a miser, also, and starved herself to death. Old Sir Harvey, miser as he was, gambled, and his nephew, John, was known to the same sporting circles in London; but he was anxious to gain his uncle's favor, and before him assumed an aspect of parsimony. On paying Sir Harvey a visit he dressed as a miser, in tattered coat, darned stockings, iron shoe buckles, and thus enraptured his uncle. Elwes, himself, became one of the most celebrated gamblers of his day. He once played two days and nights in a small room, and, never using the same pack but once, he was up to his knees in cards; he lost many thousands at that sitting with the Duke of Northumberland. After remaining up whole nights at play, staking large sums in splendid rooms, with wax lights, gilt furniture, and waiters, at four in the morning he walked into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which came from his farm in Essex. There, forgetful of all else, he haggled with the butchers for a shilling. At one time he scrambled with his horse through a deep ditch to escape the turnpike toll, although he was then connected with a speculation in which he had risked twenty-five thousand pounds. At sixty years of age he sat in parliament, and was the member for Berkshire for twelve years. At length he retired to

his seat in Stoke, and devoted himself to the passion which alone survived all others. Society, the turf, gaming no longer possessed a charm—only the dreadful lust for gain; worth now nearly a million, he began to save pennies. He wandered about the fields and roads for sticks and rags, and, in harvest, gleaned among the gleaners, and stored the little he got for the use of his household. When in London he occupied any one of his houses that happened to be unlet. One of his cronies hearing that he was in town, at last heard that he had been seen going in by the stable-door of a house in Marlborough Street. The door was broken open by a blacksmith, and upon a mattress they saw Elwes, apparently dead, with part of a loaf, and a jug of water near him. The apothecary was called in, and Mr. Elwes rallied enough to say that he had been ill two or three days, and that, for some reason, the woman of the house had gone away. She was found dead in the garret, on the floor. When he had warnings of death and grew feeble he still looked after his money, and every thought was given to it. Dr. Wells, his last physician, said that he might have lived twenty years, his body was so strong; but his mind, phrenzied by avarice, killed him. He gave his fortune of five hundred thousand pounds to his natural sons, George and John Elwes.

Thomas Guy, a miser, who devoted his life to avarice till he was seventy-six, found himself then in a position to be munificent. He built Guy's Hospital, for which he expended over seven hundred thousand pounds. At his death he endowed it with two hundred and twenty thousand more. He also bequeathed a perpetual annuity to Christ's Hospital, and one to several alms-houses. His poor relations, reviling him in life, had cause to bless his memory, for he left them nearly a hundred thousand pounds.

Jacques Lafitte, the French banker, exemplified, in his career, that it is possible to make the future of parsimony noble, and elevate it to the atmosphere of a virtue.

"You have called at the right time," he said to a Sister of Vincent de Paul, who had come to solicit money for a charitable object, "I am angry at my gentleman's wasting wafers." She amiably endeavored to excuse the fault. Lafitte listened, and afterwards gave her a check for a thousand francs. These instances of generosity are few and far between.

Though it has been said that misers are mostly of the male sex, there are one or two shining examples among women. Mrs. Luhome, surviving her husband forty years, passed that period in hoarding. The demon of avarice made her a shameless beggar, and a petty thief. She never had a fire nor a candle in her abode, wore no under-garments, and appeared the happiest when surrounded with filth. Who can solve the mystery of her life—so wretched, so debased, so devoid of purpose? When she was missed from her haunts, and the neighbors suspecting that she must be ill knocked at the door, no voice replied. A day after the house was entered, and she was found dying. On opening her drawers and chests, not only gold and securities to the amount of forty thousand pounds were discovered, but clothes of the most sumptuous make and texture, plate, china, jewels, and linen. For years she had possessed them; some of the apparel was rotted from the effects of time. Her own rags were so filthy that they were burnt by the relatives who came to claim her property.

An old maid named Elizabeth Wilcox claims sisterhood with Mrs. Luhome. For many years she ate only beans, or a few curlings. She, like Margery Daw, lay upon straw. She hid her wealth in a clock, a pickle-pot, a hole under the stairs. An instance in America has been known, but not published, which equals any anecdote or biography of our female misers; it is that of a young lady, born to great wealth, of respectable parentage, and carefully educated. She managed to present a good appearance in public, while privately practising the most sordid economies. Living in a "brown stone front," the fire in her range was never lighted; a herring, a few crackers, and an apple satisfied her appetite, while the servant she employed picked up what she could, when her master, the father of the young miser, was at home. Her underclothes were partly of paper and partly of merino; to save washing, her boots were laced over footless stockings, and no one who looked into her pleasant, placid face, would guess at the demon ever busy in her heart and will—a demon which has already caused her to outrage her relatives, and play fraudulent tricks, in order to add to her fortune, which amounts to millions.

—Betsy Drew.



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE.—A. C. WARREN.



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE AND LIBRARY.

In 1735 John Vassall was a great man in Cambridge, holding a colonel's commission, and the strings of a very long purse. He had already built himself one house, and was not satisfied with it. It was too low in the ceilings, tradition says, and too near the road. He resolved to build himself another, in better taste. The result was that grand old mansion in Brattle Street, which still bears witness to the palmy days of Colonial pride and loyalty. Little did its builder dream that it would ever become the head-quarters of a rebel general.

It would be easy to write a volume about this old house. It is strewn all over with associations. They begin with the semi-aristocracy of Colonial days, when England was home, and loyal bumpers were drunk around tables rich in plate and choice Madeira. Then comes the Revolution. Loyalty is Toryism, and takes refuge under the British banner in Boston. Vassall has forsaken his manorial hall, and on its green terraces and in its spacious rooms you find the amphibious Marblehead regiment of Colonel Glover, which did such good service in the field, and on the water. Presently there comes a committee from Watertown, where the Provincial Congress is sitting. They look round them—"just the house"—and quickly scourers and painters are set to work, and the floors and walls are made clean again, for it is here that Washington is to win his first hard experience as Commander-in-chief of the Continental army. Shall I add, in parenthesis, that the scouring was but half done, and had to be done over again—as the bill, still preserved in the Massachusetts archives, attests.

What a period now opens in the story of the venerable mansion—tradition, history, poetry, all combined. Washington first crossed its threshold in the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1775. His last letter from thence was written on the 4th of April, 1776. In those nine months the Continental army was created—the character of the war was decided. What discussions, what meditations, what studies and revelations of character, what thoughts reaching far into the future belong to those days! Washington himself had but just ceased to be a militia colonel. Under the Craigie house-roof he became a general.

From the rich memories of those days we will select but two. The first room on your left, as you enter the hall, was Mrs. Washington's parlor, and there, one evening in the middle of October, sat Benjamin Franklin. "I viewed him with silent admiration the whole evening," wrote General Greene, the next day. "Attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his periods."

Very different is the next scene. A quick clattering of hoofs had drawn Washington to his bedroom window just in time to see a horseman turn into the grounds. It was Putnam, with a woman behind him, clinging fast to his sturdy frame. Suppressing his laugh, Washington hurried to the staircase, and had just reached the landing, when Putnam entered the front door, dragging his trembling prisoner behind him. Treason had been discovered, and all were looking anxiously for the traitor. "Here is one who knows him," cried the old wolf-hunter. Assuming his sternest mein, Washington bade her choose instantly between confession or death. Few could stand the searching fire of Washington's eye. The affrighted woman quailed under it, and gave up her secret.

Vassall, as we have seen, had cast in his lot with the Tories, and shared with them their confiscations and losses. His house passed into other hands, and gradually became known by the name of Mr. Craigie, its new owner, who enlarged it in the rear, and added two broad piazzas on the sides. Of the traditions of this epoch we will mention but one—and that is, that among the guests whom Mr. Craigie received at his hospitable board was Talleyrand.

On Mr. Craigie's death the house passed to his widow, who, reducing her style of living, let it at different times, in whole, and in part. And now the associations of war are followed by the associations of literature. The first of the new tenants was Edward Everett, and the most interesting of the records that he has left behind is that, in the library, of which we

shall presently have more to say, he used to meet in the evening an advanced class in Greek, of which Emerson was a member.

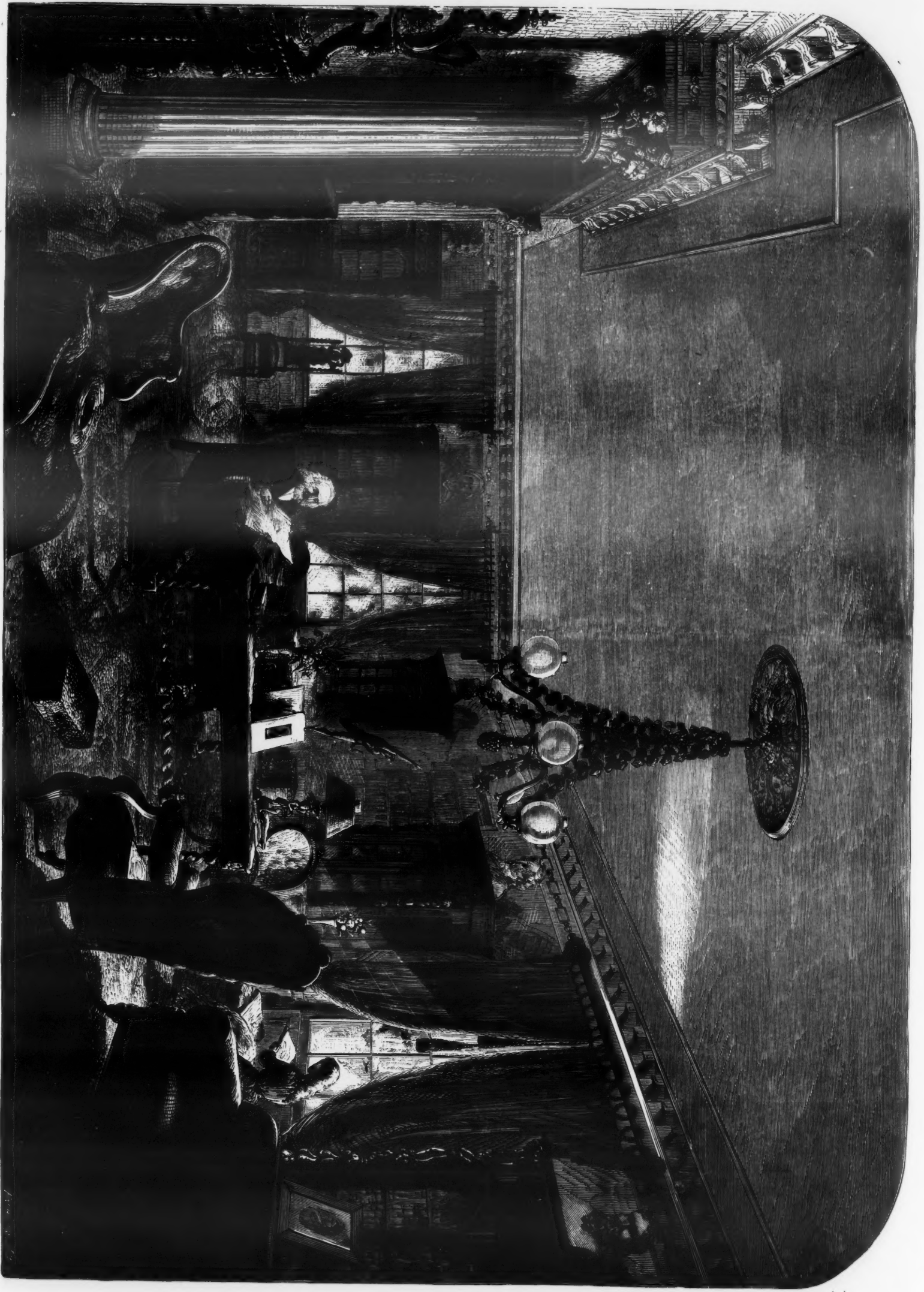
The next tenant was Jared Sparks, who brought with him the very letters which Washington had written under this same roof half a century before. It was here that he studied and edited the writings of Washington. It was here that he wrote his "Life of Washington." It was here that the two names became indissolubly blended.

One afternoon a young man ascended the double terrace to the Craigie house door, and lifted the ponderous knocker. Mrs. Craigie was a peculiar woman. She willingly allowed the enquirer for lodgings to see the attractive rooms, but told him with an expressive smile that she did not let rooms to students. "But I am not a student," was the answer, "I am a professor." When she learned that, besides being a professor, he was the author of "*Outre Mer*," she gladly gave him her best rooms, and from that day the name of Longfellow became permanently associated with the mansion that had sheltered Washington, and Everett, and Sparks.

It was not all at once, however, that he obtained possession of his new home. First he had the eastern half of the beautiful second story, with the meadow view from the south windows, extending to the Charles, and bounded by the heights of Brighton. Next he gained the whole of the eastern half, and during part of this time had, for his immediate neighbor, the lexicographer Worcester. At last the whole place became his own by purchase.

Since then the story of the old house is a story of rare beauty. It tells of the teacher, inspiring ingenious minds with his own enthusiasm; of the student "living laborious days" that he might put himself in harmony with the past generations, and thus prepare himself to bear his part in the moulding of the new; of the poet living in a world of his own creation, but living in it as in the sphere assigned him for the accomplishment of his work of charity and love. It tells, too, of a generous hospitality, of genial gatherings around a liberal board, in hours consecrated to wit and noble thought. Few of the eminent literary men of this generation have visited Boston without crossing that threshold.

It is hard to describe a house—either its outside or its inside. Engraving even gives but an imperfect idea of the actual appearance of a room. Still, we give the library as our artist represents it, and with the aid of a few details, the reader may form to himself a tolerably accurate conception of it. Its proportions are ample—thirty feet by twenty-two.



LONGFELLOW'S LIBRARY.—A. C. WARREN.

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and eleven feet in height. The walls are wainscoted, and, on the left as you enter, the ceiling is supported by two columns. Around the walls are book-cases of black walnut, richly carved. On these cases are busts of Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides. A piano, an oblong centre table covered with books, a sofa and lounge, with chairs of a century ago, make up the furniture of the room, while several works of art, among them a full length portrait of Litz, fill up the spaces between the book-cases. A reduced cast of the Venus of Milo stands near the door, which communicates with the larger entrance-hall. From the northern windows you get a pleasant view of the grounds in the rear of the house. The harmony of the room and its purposes is complete. There is nothing gaudy, nothing offensively elaborate—but an atmosphere of soft repose, such as fits the goodly company of the great minds of every age and many nations, and sheds its serene and solemn influence over all.

But the library is not Mr. Longfellow's working room. His reading and writing are done in the study, a room which communicates with the library by doors on each side of the chimney. This, too, is a room of liberal proportions, about eighteen feet by twenty, and eleven feet high. Like all the other rooms, it is wainscoted in full over the mantel-piece, and about three feet and a half from the floor through the rest of the room. It has three doors, one of which leads directly into the front hall. The two southern windows command the same beautiful view of the meadows and the Charles which we have spoken of before. Of the two eastern windows one gives a partial view of the grounds—the other has been converted into a book-case. The other cases, three in number, are like those of the library, of richly carved black walnut.

And now, if you enter the room from the hall, the first thing that strikes you is the artistic sense which has given the whole room its peculiar character and beauty. It is a library—the library of a hard student, who, loving his books, loves to gather their natural and appropriate accompaniments around them. On your right is an orange tree, part of the year in full bearing, part in full bloom, and tempering the light of a southern window by the soft shading of its dark green leaves—sweet memorial of a softer clime, standing just where the poet's eye must meet it as he looks up from his writing desk. Next, and between the two southern windows, stands a book-case, with its black walnut carved by a cunning hand into various beautiful and fanciful shapes.

By the next window, or rather in front of it, stands a round table with a writing frame on it, to be used standing. On the frame stands a copy of the well-known statuette of Goethe, in his surtout, and with his hands behind his back. The deep window-seat is filled with pamphlets, and in the corner clicks the old clock from its case of dark mahogany. On the book-case is a bust of Shakspeare.

Come back now to the door by which you entered, and look at the east side of the room. One of the windows has been transformed into a book-case, and shaded by crimson curtains. The other looks out upon the piazza and lawn. Your eye takes in the whole view at a glance, and then dwells fondly on the details. First, and next to the old clock, is a crayon head in a rich gilt frame. If you knew Cambridge ten years ago, you will instantly recognize it as the portrait of President Fenton. Run your eye northward along the wall, and just beyond the window book-case, and partly catching the glow of the crimson curtain, is a crayon of Hawthorne. Half-way between these heads, and in the space between the windows, is an old-fashioned table, and on it a bust of the size of life. There is a story connected with that bust which gives it a peculiar interest to those who dwell sympathetically on the trials of struggling genius.

When Crawford had finished the model of his first great work, "The Orpheus," his strength gave way, and he was stricken down by brain fever. For several weeks he was nursed in the house of a friend, hovering much of the time between life and death. At last the disease yielded, and he began to recover. It was a hard struggle; days of relapse following close upon a day of progress, and strength returning very slowly to the exhausted limbs. At length the crisis was passed; the eye regained its life, the lips their decision. Hope revived, and with hope came an intense longing to feel clay take shape and expression once more under his creating hand. "Let me make your bust," he said to the friend who was nursing him; and throwing all the energy of revived

hopes into his work, and turning away as it were triumphantly from the brink of the grave, he wrought with a glow on his cheek, and a sense of power on his brow, till the portrait of his friend stood before him, perfect in every feature.

On a bracket, directly above this bust, is a statuette of Dante. On the northern wall crayons of Sumner and Emerson, drawn by Johnson in 1846, complete the portraits of friends, and Longfellow's own portrait, painted by Alexander, at about the same time, hangs on the western wall, close to the door. A round table covered with books, fills the middle of the room, and on its eastern end, directly below the statue of Dante, is the poet's desk.

And now, did our space permit, we should like to tell of the associations of this room. In the beginning it was the dining-room. Here Vassall gathered his loyal friends around him in Colonial days. Here Washington met statesmen and generals in the troubled days of the Revolution. Here most of Longfellow's works were written. Here the Dante Club held its meetings. What a chapter of American history opens before us as we cross its threshold—too full a one to be told now, though we trust it will some day be written with all its details.

—George W. Greene.

SHAKSPEARE PORTRAITS.

WE have about as much knowledge in regard to Shakspeare's personal appearance, as we have in regard to his personal life, which is almost none at all. There are many Shakspeare portraits, so called, but only two, or three at most, which are worthy of serious consideration. These are the bust over the grave in the church at Stratford; the Droeshout head, prefixed to the First Folio; and the head known as the Chandos portrait. If we cannot make up our minds from these what manner of man Shakspeare was, we must draw upon our imagination, for nothing besides will aid us. The exact time when the Stratford bust was made cannot be ascertained; but it was probably not long after his death, in 1616, and it was certainly before the publication of the collected edition of his works in 1623, in which it is mentioned. The sculptor, if he deserved the name, was unknown till recently, when it was discovered that he was one Gerard Johnson, a Hollander, who settled in England, where he set up as a tomb-maker, employing, besides himself, "4 Iurnimen, 2 prentices, and 1 Englishman." He is supposed to have followed, in making the bust, a cast of Shakspeare's face, taken after death, and to have followed it blindly. He is also supposed to have injured the nose by careless chiselling, which compelled him to shorten it, and to lengthen the upper lip, which is out of proportion with the rest of the face, being at least an inch and a quarter long. Such as it was, and is, the Stratford bust has surmounted the grave of Shakspeare for two hundred and fifty years. Britton, the antiquary, described it, as follows, in 1816: "The bust is of the size of life; it is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh color, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown, or tabard, without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have been the original features of this important, but neglected, or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above one hundred and twenty years, Mr. John Ward, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, caused it to be repaired, and the original colors preserved, in 1748, from the profits of a representation of Othello. This was a generous and apparently judicious act; and, therefore, very unlike the next alteration it was subjected to in 1793. In that year, Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint; and thus at once destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face." There was some excuse for the abuse which was showered upon Malone for his blunder in whitewashing Shakspeare, but, as this blunder no longer exists, it is time the abuse ceased. The bust has now been restored to its last coat of color, Mr. Hain Friswell assures us, and the clerk who shows it avers that, with the exception of a very little retouching, it is now in the same state in which it was left by Mr. Hall, the limner of Stratford.

The Droeshout portrait is endorsed by Ben Jonson:

"This figure, that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;

Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature to out-doe the life:
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face: the print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brasse,
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

The portrait from which Droeshout made his etching has never been traced. It is supposed to represent Shakspeare in a theatrical character, and it is supposed that this character was that of *Old Knowell*, in Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," which Shakspeare played in 1598. This, however, is mere conjecture, which who will may believe. The value of the Droeshout portrait lies in the endorsement of Jonson, that it was a good likeness of Shakspeare.

The portrait and the bust, whatever we may think of them, are authentic. Next comes the Chandos portrait, which is the one by which Shakspeare is most widely known. It is said to have been the property of Taylor, a player in Shakspeare's own company (whose name, however, in the earliest account of the head, is stated to have been *John*, when it was really *Joseph*), and it is thought to have been painted by him, or by Richard Burbage, his fellow-player, who was the leading actor of the time, and the original representative of all Shakspeare's greatest parts. "The picture was left by the former, in his will, to Sir William Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease, Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls, of Michenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, father to Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham." The Duke of Buckingham making ducks and drakes of his money, this picture was sold with others, in September, 1848. It was purchased for three hundred and fifty-five guineas by the late Earl of Ellesmere, who, in March, 1856, presented it to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery of England.

Such is the history of the Chandos portrait, which had at least the silent endorsement of Davenant, and the presumed endorsement of some of Shakspeare's contemporaries. The former is entitled to considerable weight, we think, for Davenant was old enough to have remembered Shakspeare when he died, and vain enough to wish to be thought his son. Sir Godfrey Kneller copied this head for Dryden, who paid for it in a monstrous poetical puff, in which he did not forget to mention himself, and his adoration of Shakspeare:

"Shakspeare, thy gift I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing as I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race,
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I like Teucer under Ajax fight."

Next came the Jansen head. This has no pedigree, and cannot be traced back with any certainty, much earlier than 1770, when it was in the possession of Mr. Charles Jennens, of Gopsal, in Leicestershire, who allowed it to be copied by an engraver named Earlom, and published in an edition of "King Lear." Where Mr. Jennens obtained it, is nowhere stated. It is said to have belonged to Prince Rupert, and to have been left by him to his natural daughter, Ruperta, whose descendants sold it, with other pictures of his, to a picture-dealer named Spackman, who sold it to a Mr. Woodburn, who sold it to the Duke of Hamilton, who gave it to his daughter, the Duchess of Somerset. It bears some resemblance to the authentic portraits, and purports to have been painted in 1610, when Shakspeare was forty-six years old.

The Felton portrait, which was the next that appeared, was first heard of in 1792, when it was purchased, for five guineas, by a Mr. Felton, of Curzon Street, May Fair, London, at an auction-mart known as the "European Museum," King Street. Mr. Felton wanted its pedigree, and the auctioneer furnished one—to the effect that the picture was purchased out of an old house known by the sign of the "Boar," in Eastcheap, where the poet and his friends used to resort; and report said that it was painted by a player of that time, whose name the auctioneer professed he had not been able to learn. Two years later he had another happy thought, which helped him to trace the portrait back two or three years earlier, and to a broker's shop in the Minories, where it was found by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed! The Felton head purports to have been painted in 1597, when Shakspeare was thirty-three,

and by "R. N.," who has since turned out to be "R. B.," whom we are to suppose to be Richard Burbage!

Heads of Shakspeare of all ages now became the rage, the demand creating the supply, which has not ceased yet. A dauber named Hilder fabricated them for a few pounds each, and unscrupulous dealers sold them for what they would fetch, which was occasionally hundreds of pounds. Talma, the French tragedian, had a Shakspeare portrait, which was so admirable that Charles Lamb, when he saw it, went down on his knees and kissed it. It was forged by Mr. F. W. Zincke—it being originally an old mahogany tea-board! The climax of absurdity was capped by the Bellows portrait, which was discovered at Caen, in France, and taken to Paris, where a purchaser was found. "Upon cleaning it, the beard, moustache, and ample forehead of Shakspeare disappeared, and the original and more appropriate portrait of an old nurse came to light."

The Stratford bust having been made after a cast of Shakspeare's face, it was in the natural order of things that this cast, or a cast purporting to be this cast, should be forthcoming. It came in due time, and was placed in the custody of Professor Owen at the British Museum. "The forehead is delicate and fine, and fully developed, and certainly capacious, although by no means equal in size to the foreheads of the bust, or the Droeshout, the Felton portrait, or the newly-discovered Stratford head. The mask—for it is merely that of a face and forehead—is in a glass case, carefully and doubly locked. Hairs of the moustache, eyelashes and beard, still adhere to the plaster. The eyes are closed, and one of them—the left—indicates that the process of decay had set in before the cast was taken, part of the cornea protruding from beneath the eyelid." The history of this cast, or what purports to be its history, is thus set forth by Mr. Hain Friswell: "A German nobleman had an ancestor who was attached to one of the ambassadors accredited to the Court of King James I. This gentleman was, like many of his countrymen at a later period, a great admirer of the genius of Shakspeare, and, as a memorial of him, bought the cast, in all probability from the sculptor of the tomb, Gerard Johnson, had it carefully preserved, and took it with him to his own country. There it was shown in his castle, and looked upon with much awe by his friends and neighbors. The nobleman who brought it home employed a pupil of Vandyke to paint the miniature which accompanies it. The mask and miniature remained in the family, and descended from father to son for many generations, until it came to the possession of the last of the family, a dignitary of the Church in Cologne."

Whether we believe or doubt this story, depends upon the test to which we subject it. It is not authenticated by any documents, but by a tradition, which may or may not be true. Before we can accept it, we have to accept a German nobleman, whose name is not given, and we have to believe that he was a great admirer of Shakspeare's genius (which

Mayence, in 1843, and then it is known to exist, but is so little thought of that it is sold as rubbish, and only found in 1849 at a broker's shop, amongst rags and articles of the meanest description. Such is the pedigree of the German head of Shakspeare.

Ward's Shakspeare is now before the readers of *THE ALDINE*. It is a noble work, the noblest work of the kind yet produced in America, and by far the noblest of which Shakspeare is the subject. We except none. It is Shakspeare as we wish to have him, and very much as he was, we are willing to believe from our knowledge of his authentic portraits—a large, capacious, gracious soul, in a beautiful, manly body. We can look up to him with reverence as the greatest of poets, and of men. All honor to the American Shakspeare.

—R. H. Stoddard.



WARD'S SHAKSPEARE.—DRAWN BY J. S. DAVIS.

does not appear to have been much admired in his own time, by noblemen, German or otherwise), and that he bought the cast of his face—probably, but not certainly—from the maker of his tomb. To believe all this, without proof, demands considerable credulity. It demands more to believe that this mask could have escaped, as it seems to have done, the knowledge of all the Shakspeare scholars of Germany, a country where Shakspeare is as well known as in England, until some time in the present century. Its last possessor, Graf Kesselstadt, dies at

such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. "Of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, such are the spirits that must inhabit it. Such must be the confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil," losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.—Leigh Hunt.

LOSS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.—Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest; or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, retain it always, and they furnish their neighbors with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and to womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence. Of

HOUSE WRENS.

If there be anything true in the doctrine of the transmigration of human souls after death, the wrens certainly are possessed of the spirits of those cheery, bustling, scolding, happy, little women who make men's lives blissful and miserable, serene and sad, all at once. Xantippe, in her most furious rages, could not have scolded her philosopher with a more unrelenting torrent of words than, in bird-language, flows from the full throats of the wrens on the slightest occasion; but never did Xantippe's scolding turn, in the same breath, to such mad strains of mirthful music.

Shakspeare, who knew everything, never drew a happier simile than when he made *Sir Toby Belch* direct *Fabian* to "Look where the youngest wren of mine comes," as *Maria* entered, laughing at the "most villainously" cross-gartered *Makolio*, and her successful practical joke. That he did not think much of the wren's music, however, is plain, for in the "Merchant of Venice," he says—

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren."

Shakspeare knew not, of course, the American House Wren, but spoke of the European species, which is very like ours, but smaller, not half so good a songster, of more subdued character, and a cavern-haunter—that is nestling in holes under ground, like the people behind Egypt, near the Arabian Gulf, from whom the genus is named the *Troglodyte*. The geographical range of the wren family extends nearly all over the world; some species being migratory, and others braving the winters of the highest latitudes, where they are found at any season. House Wrens (*Troglodytes aëdon*), are among the former, which fact may be thought to throw doubt upon Gesner, when he names it as the only species inhabiting New Brunswick; for the Winter Wren (*T. Hyemalis*), is a bird of the near country of Newfoundland. In St. John's a curious custom prevails, which is said to have been brought over by some of the early settlers of that out of the way region. It is called the "Burial of the Wren." On St. Stephen's Day, the 26th of December, parties of boys go from door to door, singing and carrying a green bush cut from a spruce-tree, decorated gaily with ribbons and colored papers, and having either a stuffed wren, or an imitation of that bird, surmounting it. Their carol resembles many of the "Waits' Songs" of Old England, and runs thus:

"The Wren, the Wren, the king of all birds,
Was caught on St. Stephen's Day in the firs;
Although he is little, his honor is great,
So rise up, kind master, and give us a treat;
Up with the kettle, and down with the pan,
A penny or two pence to bury the Wren;
Our pockets full of money, and your cellars full
of beer— [New Year.]
We wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy

In the first line of this doggerel there seems to be an allusion to a pretty Hebridian fable about the cunning little wren who flew the highest, and so defeated the eagle in a contest to prove their respective powers of wing. The rhyme, too, needs the rustic pronunciation of the word wren (*wran*), which is suggestive of "Birds' Nest Fair," held every Sunday morning on Dulwich Common in the old times of London; or of the "Wrans" of to-day—those out-cast women of the Currah of Kildare, in Ireland, who live in holes dug in the level plain, behind the soldiers' barracks, and covered with sticks, not unlike huge wrens' nests. Whether the St. Stephen's Day observance is of pure English origin, or is from the Hebrides does not appear clear; but certain it is, that in old days the prying, mischievous ways of these birds sometimes brought them bad names. But the literary reputation of the wren is, after all, very limited, and cannot pretend to vie with that of the lark, or the dove, in antiquity, or in the favor of poets. He is but a homely, little brown bird all the world over, though certainly not given to "hiding his light under a bushel." It is as a friend of bright

summer days, and as a gardening companion, that we know him best; and few of us who have the inclination, and leisure, to indulge in rural joys, fail to value his presence like that of a friend. We soon learn his antipathy to cats, and his jealousy of his chosen premises, in which no feathered invader is safe for a moment. His impudence is unparalleled, and his courage astonishing, for he does not hesitate to attack any animal, however large, that intrudes upon the privacy of his domestic relations. He makes nothing of assaulting a big Newfoundland dog, and appears not a bit abashed at the perfect indifference with which that dignified canine invariably receives his remonstrances and buffetings. One wren is a good match for most birds of twice its size, and will sometimes even take possession of a box already occupied by blue-birds, and force them to seek a habitation elsewhere. If a thieving cuckoo makes his appearance in the neighborhood, or a sneaking weasel

driven them. They built confidently in the bird-houses of those localities in spite of the cats, but at present we can only look for their habitations in the rural districts, where they often have to put up with crevices under the eaves of out-houses, or knot-holes in the siding. These places they fill with large twigs, so large often that it seems a mystery how the birds can carry them, leaving only a very small passage for entrance and egress, and a space lined with feathers in the centre, where madam lays from six to nine eggs—an enormous number, surely, but less by half than the European species. By a wise provision of Nature, the most diminutive and helpless creatures seem to be accorded the greatest fecundity, and indeed, unless the wrens were so amazingly prolific, it would seem that they must soon be exterminated, as so many of them fall a prey to the smaller carnivora, both birds and beasts, that haunt the thickets where they procure their food. Frequently, I am assured,

they hatch as many as three broods in a season, and yet we can discover, from year to year, no increase in the numbers about our premises. I experienced a peculiar pleasure last year in observing a pair of these wrens, that had taken a knot-hole in a stable near by for their home; which they did only after an animated consultation for some days, accompanied with much running in and out to explore it thoroughly. At length they settled upon it as good and fitting; although there were two unoccupied bird-houses in apple trees near at hand, and not much further from the blackberry bushes which they seemed to choose for their hunting grounds. The next step was to provide the furniture, and they went to work with a will, gathering twigs of those peculiar forms which fitted in best at the then stage of proceedings. Sometimes after tugging at a comparatively enormous stick, he or she would get it safe to the entrance, and then find it necessary to try over and over again to put it in a position to go in, in spite of its unmanageable shape. The perseverance exhibited was most indomitable, and worthy of emulation; for, to the best of my belief, they never gave up in despair, but always succeeded at last. When the work was finished their delight was apparent in every motion, and the male bird sang his little song, at intervals of a few seconds, many times in succession during the intervals between meals—which he got in the blackberry patch pretty often. It was some days before the satisfactory number of eggs was laid, and the lady bird began sitting. During this period her lord and master passed his time in flying back and forth to visit her, in singing and scolding the house cat, that seemed to be on the look out for revenge in his own sly way. The little wren's motions at this time were sprightly in the extreme. He made short hopping flights from one twig to another, or ran along the stone wall



HOUSE WRENS.—GILBERT BURLING.

dares to show his blood-thirsty face out of the near stone wall, every feathered creature is soon summoned by incessant scoldings and outcries from the wrens, who thus force him to beat a retreat, or even, if the friendly gardener be at hand with his gun, to yield up his life for his temerity.

I have remarked with interest that when two or more pairs of these little birds take up their residence in the same garden, they seem to agree upon certain boundaries for each other, and seldom overstep them without a severe quarrel. While the incubation is going on the males do their best to outsing each other, and keep up a continual friendly contest in the hearing of their gentler mates. When they first arrive among us from the south, generally in the second week in May, the females also sing a little; but they very soon choose a habitation, and then the cares of the house prove so engrossing that the selection of properly crooked sticks and suitable feathers, for nesting material, seems to become the leading thought. Formerly we had these charming creatures in the parks and gardens of New York, and other cities, from which the European sparrows have now

with his tail straight up in the air, and his body inclining gracefully up and down as he turned his curious looks in every direction. Now he would dive into a hole in the wall, re-appear at once on the other side, or discover himself in a few seconds a long distance from the place where he had just disappeared; then fly up a little branch, and chant his simple, but delightful tremulous melody, in all sorts of varied expressions. At last the eggs were hatched, and then he had work enough to do to feed the "born hungry" mouths at home. When the young wrens were old enough to digest them, both parents would bring them small caterpillars, two or three at a time, and I was much puzzled to find out how the father managed to sing as he did, while holding them in his month. At length he came very close to me in the garden, with two worms in his bill, and I saw that he had thrust the upper mandible through them, in and out, as a lady does when she pins a garment together; in this way he could open his mouth to sing, or make another capture, should one come in his way, as freely as if he were unencumbered.—Gilbert Burling.

FRA BARTOLOMEO.

FRA BARTOLOMEO, the last of the great painters of the first Italian school, was born in 1469, in the little town of Savignano, near Florence. Little is known of his family, and nothing of his younger years, except that he showed a disposition to become a painter, and was placed under the tuition of Cosimo Rosselli, a Florentine artist of repute. While with Rosselli, he resided with some relations near one of the city gates—La Porta San Piero—a circumstance to which he owed the name by which he was best known till he was thirty—Baccio della Porta, Baccio being the Tuscan diminutive of Bartolomeo. Here he formed a friendship with Mariotto Albertinelli, a painter of about the same age, whose works are with difficulty distinguished from his own, and who sometimes painted with him on the same picture. Bartolomeo was, how-

ever, the better artist, and at this time his works were noted for their feeling and harmony of color, and for their selection of subjects, which were all of a religious character. Having soon gained a great reputation by his *Madonnas*, he was employed by the Dominicans of the Convent of St. Mark to execute a fresco of the "Last Judgment" in their church. Savonarola, who was a friar in the convent, had commenced his famous attack on the great ones of this world, and their follies and vices, and Bartolomeo at once fell under his influence, so much so that he joined with many others in making a funeral pyre of all the books and pictures relating to heathen poetry and art on which they could lay their hands, and which they burnt in one of the most prominent streets of Florence. Bartolomeo's personal contribution to this religious folly was all his

designs, drawings, and studies, which represented profane subjects, or the human figure undraped, and the practise of his art, which he abandoned for the society of Savonarola. There could be but one end for the daring monk, who was one of those

"Madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion."

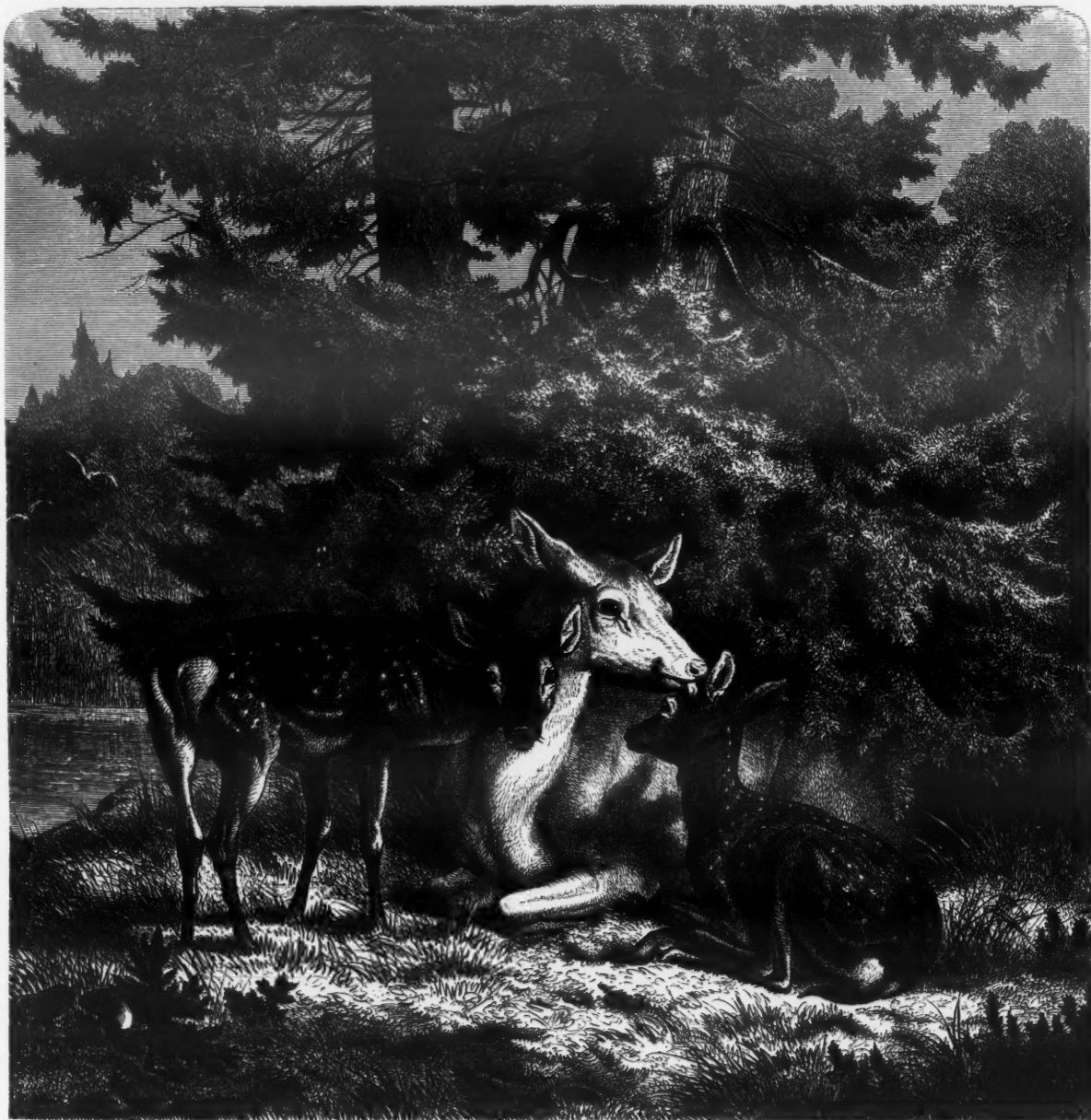
He was excommunicated by the Pope, denounced by the Medici, forsaken by the fickle people who had almost adored him as a saint, and finally arrested, and put to torture and the stake. Bartolomeo was so stunned and shattered by the tumults and horrors around him, that he hid himself for a time, and at last took the vows and became a friar in the convent he had been decorating, leaving his friend Albertinelli to complete his unfinished frescoes. At the end of four years, which were passed in austerity, he resumed his pencil, at the entreaties and commands of his Superior, and was henceforth known as Fra Bartolomeo di San Marco, and by many writers is styled

simply Il Frate (the friar). The young Raphael arrived at Florence at this time, and, visiting Fra Bartolomeo in his cell, a friendship sprung up between the two painters, to which we are said to partly owe the finest works of both. They were of great service to each other; Raphael initiated Fra Bartolomeo into the mysteries of perspective, and was in turn initiated into some new methods of coloring. Mrs. Jameson, whose account of Fra Bartolomeo we are condensing, says it is evident that his greatest improvement dates from his acquaintance with Raphael; that his pictures from this time display more energy of expression—a more intellectual grace; while Raphael imitated his friend in the softer blending of his colors, and learned from him the art of arranging draperies in an ampler and nobler style than he had hitherto practiced—in fact, he had just at this time caught the sentiment and manner of Bartolomeo so

ence, leaving only two unfinished pictures—figures of St. Peter and St. Paul—which Raphael undertook to finish for him. He plucked up courage again after his arrival in Florence, and painted better than ever before. The "St. Mark," now in the Pitti Palace, and the famous "*Madonna di Misericordia*" at Lucca, were painted after his return. Every picture now painted by him displayed increasing vigor, and he was still in the full possession of his powers when he was seized with a sudden illness, caused, it is said, by eating too many figs, and died in his convent, October 8th, 1517, in his forty-eighth year.

The work by which Fra Bartolomeo is best known is the "*Madonna di Misericordia*"—a grand and beautiful figure of the Virgin standing on a platform with arms outstretched over a group of supplicants. Sir David Wilkie, who saw it during his travels in Italy, thought it combined the merits of Raphael, of

Titian, of Rembrandt, and of Rubens. "Here," he wrote in his letters, "a monk in his cloisters, shut out from the taunts and criticism of the world seems to have anticipated in his early time all that his art could arrive at in its most advanced maturity; and thus he has been able to do without the customary blandishments of the latter period, and with the higher qualities peculiar to the age in which he lived." His other works are "St. Mark," in the Pitti Palace—a single figure seated, and holding his Gospel in his hand; the "Deposition from the Cross," in the same palace; a "Presentation in the Temple," in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna—a picture of great beauty and dignity, well known by the engravings of it; and a "*Madonna*," painted as an altar-piece for his own convent—and now in the Louvre, at Paris. He also painted historical pieces



THE DEER FAMILY.—GUIDO HAMMER.

completely, that the only great work he executed at Florence (the "*Madonna del Baldachino*," in the Palazzo Pitti) might be, at the first glance, mistaken for a composition of the Frate. Richardson, an excellent writer and first-rate authority, observes that "at this time Fra Bartolomeo seems to have been the greater man, and might have been the Raphael, had not fortune been determined in favor of the other."

Rumors of the great works upon which Raphael and Michael Angelo were employed by Leo X. reached Fra Bartolomeo in his cell, when he was about forty-four years old, and he obtained leave of his Superior to visit Rome. Here he renewed his friendship with Raphael, and they spent many hours and days in each other's society; but Raphael had now so far outrun him in every kind of excellence, and what he saw around him, in the Vatican and in the Sistine Chapel, so far surpassed his previous conceptions, that admiration and astonishment appeared to swallow up the feeling of emulation. A cloud fell upon his spirits, and he returned to Flor-

and portraits. He excelled in female heads, which are characterized by exquisite tenderness and beauty. One of the finest of these—perhaps the finest of all—is the portrait of a Princess Visconti, one of the great families of Italy, originally from Lombardy, and descended, according to tradition, from Desiderius, the last king of the Lombards. It is nobler, we think, than any of Raphael's portraits—even the renowned "*Jeanne d'Arragon*," which it surpasses in grace and purity of sentiment. The face is exquisite, the hair beautifully managed, and the drapery perfect.

PEOPLE always fancy that we cannot become wise, without becoming old also; but, in truth, as years accumulate, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he goes onward, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth, as in his sixtieth year. — Goethe.

A DAY WITH A FAWN FAMILY.

GUIDO HAMMER, to whose pencil we are indebted for this charming glimpse of sylvan life, is one of those rare human beings who believe that harmless wild creatures were created for other purposes than shooting. Loving nature and all beautiful things, he delights in wandering through the forest, sketching-book and pencil in hand, instead of the sportsman's gun, making friends with the shy inhabitants of sylvan haunts, and learning all their gentle ways. It is astonishing how rare such people are! Even artists are generally sportsmen, when they get into regions where game abounds, and the fishing-rod and rifle form an essential part of their accoutrement for the country tour. This is more common in America than in Europe, where the game laws are more strict, and where every sportsman has to be provided with a license. Americans are born sportsmen. The traditions of the time, not so very remote from ours, when our vast continent was covered with primeval forest, and where every man was a hunter from necessity, still linger among us; and no boy of twelve is really happy until he becomes the owner of a gun, to the terror of all the women-folk and the small game that still enliven our fields and scattered woods.

The amount of harm that results from this spirit of destructiveness is incalculable. In regions once abounding in game, which if properly preserved might have supplied a continent with food, the sportsman may wander for days without seeing anything bigger than a squirrel or a robin. Even the famous Adirondacks have ceased to be the hunter's paradise they were a few years since, and the great prairies of the west, where the deer and buffalo are slaughtered by the thousand every season, will soon be as barren of game

as a Connecticut farm. It is stated that the fur-traders in the city of St. Paul alone shipped last year more than twenty thousand deer-skins to eastern markets, and that these figures represent but a small proportion of the deer slaughtered in the single State of Minnesota. Attempts were made to have laws enacted to prevent their wholesale destruction, but the Legislature refused to interfere with the rights of the settlers to hunt whenever and wherever they may please. Unless something can be done to put a stop to this system of slaughter, the day cannot be remote when all the Western States and Territories will be stripped of deer and buffalo, and the hunter will be compelled to look for such game in the unsettled wilds of British America, or the distant slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

This wild spirit of destructiveness is not, however, characteristic of Americans alone. Hundreds, perhaps we might say thousands, of Englishmen overrun India and Africa every year for the sole purpose of shooting. Not content with slaughtering tigers, panthers, lions, and other beasts of prey, they make terrible havoc among the gentler animals, just for the fun of killing. Nor is this the worst of it; some of them go home and write stupid books about their exploits. This is unpardonable. If men will spend their lives in shooting, let them refrain from inflicting the story of their folly upon the reading public.

But let us return to Guido Hammer and the pretty group he has sketched for us, out in the greenwood free. It is a family of fawns, just settling themselves for their noontide rest within the cool shadow of a broad branching pine. The scene appears to be on the edge of a clearing, which admits the full light and warmth of the bright June sun; and just beyond, we catch a glimpse of a quiet lake, with its reedy fringe, above whose placid waters hovers the keen-eyed kingfisher, on the watch for some unlucky fish. But the flies, those pests of the wood, at length drive the pretty creatures to seek a cooler and more sheltered spot. The mother gravely and demurely leads the way, and, following at a distance, we now and then catch a glimpse of the young ones sporting about her, and sometimes grieving the maternal heart by a dash into the woods, from which they return at her plaintive call, looking and acting as if frightened at their own temerity in leaving her protecting side. Reaching a dark, cool place, they again lie down, under the shadow of a spreading beech, whose long, low-sweeping branches make a bower fit for a fairy queen.

So passes the day, and evening comes on. Our



THE WAYSIDE INN.—FROM CHROMO OF L. PRANG & CO., AFTER HILL.

little group emerges from its quiet retreat, and seeks the grassy banks of the cool lake. Life shows itself everywhere in the wood and on the water. Now you may hear a flock of ducks rise from the sedgy fringe of the lake, with sharp cries, and, after an awkward flight, descend again at another spot. Now a stately heron, returning from its solitary fishing, sweeps across the water towards its nest in the topmost branches of an ancient pine or oak. The woodpecker hammers away on the decayed tree which serves him for a storehouse; the squirrel chatters and scolds; there is an indescribable mixture of twittering and piping from all manner of small birds, of shrill chirping from millions of field-cricket and grasshoppers; and now and then you hear the hoot of a predatory owl, just swooping from his hiding place in search of prey.

As night deepens, the sounds change. Now begins the frog-concert, with solos and choruses. The beetle's heavy drone, as he brushes by your ear, and the sharp buzz of millions of mosquitoes, succeed the twitter of the feathered tribe. Our family of fawns, having finished their supper of sweet grass, and cooled their delicate noses in the lake, retire to rest beneath some sheltering tree; and as we bid them good night, we again rejoice that our simple-minded, tender-hearted friend the artist prefers sketching them to shooting them.

THE KING'S ROSEBUD.

ONLY a blushing rosebud, folding up
Such wealth of sweetness in its dewy cup,
That the whole air was like rare incense flung
From golden censers round high altars swung!
One day the king passed by with stately tread,
And, reaching forth his hand, he lightly said,
"All sweets are mine; therefore this rose I take,
And wear it in my bosom for Love's sake."
Then while the king passed on with smiling face,
The sweet rose gloried in its pride of place.

But, ah! the deeds that in Love's name are done,
The woeful wrack wrought underneath the sun!
Still with that smile upon his lip, the king
Laid his rash hand upon the beauteous thing;
In hot haste tore the crimson leaves apart
And drained the sweetness from its glowing heart.
Seared the soft petals with his fiery breath,
Then tossed it from him to ignoble death!
When next with idle steps I passed that way,
Prone in the mire the king's fair rosebud lay.

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

OF BEAUTY.—Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features; and that

hath rather dignity of presence, than mere beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labor to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behavior than virtue.—But this holds not always: for Augustus Caesar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward the Fourth of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael the Sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of favor, is more than that of color; and that of

decent and gracious motion, more than that of favor. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good; and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel, though persons in years seem many times more amiable; *Pulchrum autumnus pulcher*;* for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.—Bacon.

* The autumn of the beautiful is beautiful.

LITERATURE.

To those who have a personal feeling towards certain authors, on account of their books, the books in which these authors figure are among the most entertaining that can be written. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" has found thousands of delighted readers since it was first published, and Crabb Robinson's "Diary" will find as many more, if it has not already. We predict a long life of admiration for Mr. James T. Fields's "Yesterdays with Authors," recently published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Company. It is an exceedingly interesting book, and it ought to be, not only because the authors to whom it is devoted were men of genius, but because Mr. Fields had better opportunities for knowing them at their best than any man in America. He did not make their acquaintance as Mr. Willis made the acquaintance of some of their predecessors at Lady Blessington's, thirty or forty years ago, but he visited them at their own homes, and they visited him at his home: in short, it was one gentleman visiting another, and others. That he was a popular American publisher, it may be said, might have had something to do with it, but we do not think that it had, for to think so is to throw discredit upon the character of his hosts and guests. They liked Mr. Fields, and he liked them, and the result, so far, is a book which is an honor to them and to him. We may wish that Dickens had not written so much about himself and his characters, but we cannot blame Mr. Fields for giving us what Dickens wrote. It is Dickens that we want, and we have him. It is the same with Wordsworth, who was a great poet, but a monstrously conceited old prig. We have Wordsworth, and we admire him, in spite of himself, as we admire Dickens. Our admiration for Thackeray is more hearty than of either, and our respect for his intellect is larger than for theirs. We have a qualified respect for the intellect of Miss Mitford, but we love her more than all the rest put together. She was a delightful old lady, with the kindest heart in the world, and more reading than generally comes in the way of her sex. She did everything well, and her best work is the best that there is of its kind. She was a glorious letter-writer, and Mr. Fields was one of her most valued, and most enriched, correspondents. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, which are so praised, and so overrated, are dull reading beside hers. We prefer them to the letters of almost every English writer. We must except Walpole, of course, and Cowper, and, perhaps, Lamb; but we do so with a sort of feeling that after all we may be wrong. The account of her final illness is as touching as the story of her life, which was a perpetual sacrifice to her old vagabond of a father. Her last letter to Mr. Fields, written a few weeks before her death, closes pathetically enough: "Ah, dear friend, come when you may, you will find only a grave at Swallowfield."

As some of the readers of THE ALDINE may like to have a letter of Miss Mitford's, which is not in Mr. Fields's volume, we copy the last one which she sent to the present writer, shortly before she sent her last letter to Mr. Fields. It is written on a tiny sheet of note-paper, in a small, running, blind hand, with many abbreviations, and without punctuation—a peculiarity which Miss Mitford had in common with Sir Walter Scott.

"September 28th, 1854.

"I cannot help writing just one line of kind and warm thanks to you, dear Mr. Stoddard, although writing be amongst the things against which I am cautioned. Tell Mrs. Stoddard how sincerely I prize your mutual good will. This long visitation has brought to my door, and to my heart, many testimonies of kindness from many poets; but none that I cherish more than those of the Poets of America.

"Just now I am a little revived; that is to say, I am still alive, since, until within the last month, I had long been expecting my death almost hourly. At present there is a brief respite; humanly speaking, it seems impossible that one so weak, and so wasted (for I am become a mere skeleton) can survive a change of season from autumn to winter. His will be done! There have been great alleviations all through this visitation; and the success of 'Atherton,' and of the 'Dramatic Works,' may, I hope, count amongst them: rather in gratitude than in vanity, for the critics here, and I believe, with you, have really taken the tone of personal friends. I wish the Plays were to come out with my excellent friends, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields; but, it seems, a House in Philadelphia brought out some of the Tragedies, in a collected edition of my Works, and it is held a question of etiquette that they should bring out the rest, which are now printed for the first time here, and of which two (Inez and Otho) are considered my best.

"I wait most impatiently for Dr. Parson's book, and Mr. Taylor's. The first did send me what Mr. Fields calls 'a rough copy,' but it has never arrived. I hope the next, and dear Mr. Taylor's volume will be more fortunate. Mr. Fields sent me a slip of the 'Prize Address,' which has splendid lines and noble thoughts.

"All happiness be with you!

"Ever dear Mr. Stoddard,

"M. R. MITFORD."

We are indebted to the Reverend S. Baring-Gould, an English writer of good repute for miscellaneous scholarship, for a very curious and interesting book, entitled "Legends of the Patriarchs and Prophets and other Old Testament Characters," and republished here by Messrs. Holt & Williams. The ground which it occupies is new to the English mind, although it is familiar to the scholars of France and Germany. We can recall but two or three works of similar character in English, of which the best known is, perhaps, "The Apocryphal New Testament," a version of the spurious Gospels, so-called, published by William Hone, the editor of the "Year Book." The literary workmanship of this volume is indifferent; to scholarship it can lay no claim. Hone was a good scholar, but it was not in the direction of Biblical lore, spurious or otherwise. The English read their Bibles, we suppose, but not in a very critical spirit. There was little that was new in Bishop Colenso's ideas concerning the Pentateuch, but they were new and alarming in England when he first promulgated them. They are not so novel now, and a work upon which Mr. Baring-Gould is engaged, "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," will probably make them less so when it is finished and published.

nothing but fragility and feebleness can come.' However, most of the angels praised God for what He had done.

"The body of Adam was so great, that if he stood up his head would reach into the seventh heaven. But he was not as yet endowed with a living soul. The soul had been made a thousand years before, and had been steeped all that while in the sea of light which flowed from Allah. God now ordered the soul to enter the body. It showed some indisposition to obey; thereupon God exclaimed: 'Quicken Adam against your will, and as a penalty for your disobedience, you shall leave the body sorely against your will.' Then God blew the spirit against Adam with such force that it entered his nose, and ran up into his head, and as soon as it reached his eyes Adam opened them, and saw the throne of God with the inscription upon it: 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet.' Then the soul ran into his ears, and Adam heard the song of the angels; thereupon his tongue was unloosed, for by this time the soul had reached it, and he said, 'Praise be to Thee, my Creator, one and only!' And God answered him: 'For this purpose are you made. You and your successors must pray to me, and you will find mercy and loving-kindness at my hands.' Then the soul penetrated all the members, reaching last of all the feet of Adam, which receiving strength, he sprang up, and stood upon the earth. But when he stood upright he was obliged to close his eyes, for the light of God's throne shining directly into them blinded them. 'What light is this?' he asked, as he covered his eyes with one hand, and indicated the throne with the other. 'It is the light of a prophet,' God answered, 'who will spring from thee in later ages. By mine honor I swear, for him alone have I created the world. In heaven he bears the name of the much-lauded, and on earth he will be called Mohammed. Through him all men will be led out of error into the way of truth.'

"God then called all created animals before Adam, and told him their names and their natures. Then He called up all the angels, and bade them bow before Adam, the man whom He had made. Israfil obeyed first, and God gave to him in recompense the custody of the Book of Fate; the other angels obeyed in order; only Eblis refused, in the pride of his heart, saying, 'Why shall I, who am made of fire, bend before him who is made of earth?' Therefore he was cast out of the angel choirs, and was forbidden admission through the gates of Paradise. Adam also was led out of Paradise, and he preached to the angels, who stood before him in ten thousand ranks, a sermon on the power, majesty, and goodness of God, and he showed such learning and knowledge—for he could name each beast in seventy languages—that the angels were amazed at his knowledge which excelled their own. As a reward for having preached this sermon, God sent Adam a bunch of grapes out of paradise by the hands of Gabriel. In the Midrash, the Rabbinical story is as follows: 'When God wished to make man, He consulted with the angels, and said to them, we will make a man in our image. Then they said, 'What is man, that you regard him, and what is his nature?' He answered, 'His knowledge excels yours.' Then He placed all kinds of beasts before them, wild beasts and fowls of the air, and asked them their names, but they knew them not. And after Adam was made, He led them before him, and He asked Adam their names, and he replied at once, 'This is an ox, that is an ass, this is a horse, that is a camel, and so forth.' The story told by Tabari is somewhat different: 'When God would make Adam, He ordered Gabriel to bring Him a handful of every sort of clay, black, white, red, yellow, blue, and every other kind. Gabriel went to the middle of the earth to the place where now is Kaaba. He wished to stoop and take the clay, but the earth said to him, 'O Gabriel, what doest thou?' And Gabriel answered, 'I am fetching a little clay, dust, and stone, that thereof God may make a lord for thee.' Then the earth swore by God, 'Thou shalt take of me neither clay nor dust nor stone; what if of the creatures made from me some should arise who would do evil upon the earth, and shed innocent blood?' Gabriel withdrew, respecting the oath, and took no earth; and he said to God, 'Thou knowest what the earth said to me.' Then God sent Michael and bade him fetch a little mud. But when Michael arrived, the earth swore the same oath. And Michael respected the oath and withdrew. Then God sent Azrael, the angel of death. He came, and the earth swore the same oath; but he did not retire, but answered and said, 'I must obey the command of God in spite of thine oath.' And the angel of death stooped, and took from forty ells below the earth clay of every sort, as we have said, and therefrom God made Adam."

Mr. Baring-Gould has in preparation a companion volume to this, which will consist of legends connected with the New Testament Characters. From our familiarity with Mr. Baring-Gould's earlier volumes, and some knowledge of the materials which he must necessarily introduce into it, we are sure that it will be a remarkable book.



PRINCESS VISCONTI.—AFTER FRA BARTOLOMEO. (See page 106.)

His present work is probably the quarry from which he has drawn a portion of the materials of the work just mentioned, and it is certainly a very extensive one, underlying the traditions of the Mussulmans, the Jews, and other Oriental peoples. The traditions of the Mussulmans, he informs us, are nearly all derived from the Talmudic writers, just as the history of Christ in the Koran is taken from the Apocryphal Gospels. The Koran follows the "Sepher Hajaschar" (Book of the Just) far more closely than the canonical Scriptures, and the "Sepher Hajaschar" is a storehouse of the Rabbinic tradition on the subject of the Patriarchs from Adam to Joshua.

As an extract from Mr. Baring-Gould's volume will give a better idea of its general character than anything we can write concerning it, we select at random the creation of Adam:

"According to the most authoritative Mussulman traditions, Adam was created on Friday afternoon at the Assr-hour, or about three o'clock. The four archangels—Gabriel, Michael, Israfil, and Asrael—were required to bring earth from the four quarters of the world, that therefrom God might fashion man. His head and breast were made of clay from Mecca and Medina, from the spot where later were the Holy Kaaba and the tomb of Mohammed. Although still lifeless, his beauty amazed the angels who had flocked to the gates of Paradise. But Eblis, envious of the beauty of Adam as yet inanimate form, said to the angels: 'How can you admire a creature made of earth? From such material

the earth said to him, 'O Gabriel, what doest thou?' And Gabriel answered, 'I am fetching a little clay, dust, and stone, that thereof God may make a lord for thee.' Then the earth swore by God, 'Thou shalt take of me neither clay nor dust nor stone; what if of the creatures made from me some should arise who would do evil upon the earth, and shed innocent blood?' Gabriel withdrew, respecting the oath, and took no earth; and he said to God, 'Thou knowest what the earth said to me.' Then God sent Michael and bade him fetch a little mud. But when Michael arrived, the earth swore the same oath. And Michael respected the oath and withdrew. Then God sent Azrael, the angel of death. He came, and the earth swore the same oath; but he did not retire, but answered and said, 'I must obey the command of God in spite of thine oath.' And the angel of death stooped, and took from forty ells below the earth clay of every sort, as we have said, and therefrom God made Adam."

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"THE ALDINE PRESS."—JAMES SUTTON & CO., Printers and Publishers, 23 Liberty St., N. Y.